JOHN BULL, APRIL 6, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1503.

LAST DAYS TO WIN IDEAL HOME, CAR AND £3,000 SEE PAGES 46 AND 47

JOHN BULL

Have a glass of Guinness when you're ***Tired***

GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

G.E 475

MEN WITH SPARE TIME

The House of Quality.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: The Staff Manager,

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The enormous Sale Reductions from H. Samuel's low Factory Prices are clearly shown in his big Catalogue. THE SAVING TO YOU IS SENSATIONAL! Write for a copy of the Big Book to-day! Hundreds of Bargains like this lady's fully warranted Chromium Watch. Diamond Rings 4 - in the £ discount.

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Dept. 199, Market St., Manchester.

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FOR REAL VALUE

I offer the finest ALL BRITISH Wireless Sets at bargain prices, including Battery and All Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully Illustrated Art Catalogue.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 2 0 or	2/6	2/11
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Post Roof Sheds 22/-, Garages £3/3, GREENHOUSES from 55/-, GARDEN FRAMES from 15/-, HEATING APPARATUS from £2 4s. Delivered Free or Carr. Paid in England & Wales.

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L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	6	47/6	5/6	4/6
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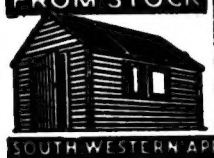

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30/- IS ALL YOU NEED PAY ME FOR A MAGNIFICENT HOME-MADE LAYETTE. EVERYTHING READY FOR BABY'S ARRIVAL

Mixture Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes 75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan, or Wincey Nightties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

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A Yorkshire purchaser writes: "I had never made a practice of 'Shopping by Post' until a friend advised me to send for your bargain. I and my husband agree that the money was wisely spent."

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57/6 LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry, and SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3 Speeds, on approval, carriage paid. Forty years' advertising in this paper, and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free Catalogue now.

Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept. 3, Coventry

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"I'm really proud to run a 'Worldwide' Club—you help your friends and make extra money for yourself!"

This is typical of the many thousands of happy "Worldwide" Club Organisers who earn from £2 up to £5, £10 and more in their spare time. They are proud of their firm. You, too, can earn a Good Commission and Profit-share with a few minutes of your spare time each week by organising a "Worldwide" Club—no samples to carry, no selling to do, no experience or capital required. It is a pleasant and profitable hobby for any man or woman, and making extra money is easy with the "Worldwide" behind you.

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Post the Coupon to-day for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars—Free and without obligation.

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Please send me, free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

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(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

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Established 1875—British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.
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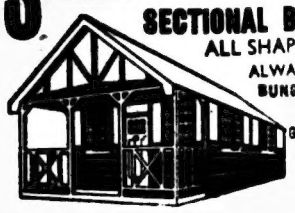
ALL PRICES CUT—UP TO 12½%

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS
ALL SHAPES & SIZES.
ALWAYS ON VIEW



BUNGALOWS from £15
GREENHOUSES £5
GARAGES 97/6

HUTS 47/6 KENNELS £2 Etc., Etc.
CASH OR EASY TERMS. LISTS FREE.

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AMAZING PRICES!

FREE DELIVERY BY LORRY OR RAIL
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GREENHOUSES from 47/6 or 7/6 down
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T. BATH & CO. LTD. 5-7 Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.2

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

LOOK SMART FOR EASTER IN

SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med., or Dark Grey. Waist 26-44. Leg 28-36. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets and buttons inside, permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg & width bottom required.

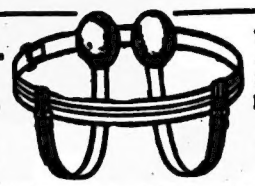
5/- Post 6d. or C.O.D.

3 pairs 14/6 post pd. Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

St. Margaret's Woollen Slip-over in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White. 1/6

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.13), 180/184, Heath Road, TWICKENHAM.

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 17/6 — 15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 26/-



We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpenetrable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B26), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

1/- SECURES THIS ROYAL JUBILEE 18 CT. PLATED DRESS HUNTER

The only Jubilee Watch on the market offered at [illegible] 29/6, or 1/- down and 2/6 [illegible] Care is taken in the work of [illegible] engraved with their Majesties' heads on front and back, emblematic [illegible] in commemoration of H.M. King George and H.M. Queen Mary's 25 years' successful reign. Handsome [illegible] plated finish cleverly engraved. Inter dustproof [illegible] stamped. Excellent Medals for [illegible] Aircraft wear. Non-magnetic [illegible] movement. Warranted in writing [illegible] Dress chain with their Majesties' [illegible] on Medallion 5/6 extra. No extra [illegible] to send to-day.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. Dept. J.B.4.5., 88, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. (Off Tottenham Court Rd.)

'SCO'
A Correction

IN our issue of March 23 an advertisement in the "John Bull" Shop Window inadvertently stated that the Sco Manufacturing Co. were offering a 1/- tin of their Oven Cleaner free in exchange for a coupon from their advertisement on another page. This was incorrect. Actually it was a special small sample tin which was offered by the makers, as reference to their display announcement on page 35 in that issue will confirm.

THE sample tin contains sufficient "Sco" thoroughly to prove its efficiency, but the full size 1/- tin contains twelve times as much as the sample tin.

THIS explanation is inserted to dispel any dissatisfaction registered by those readers who received the small sample tin when they expected the full size 1/- tin.

PERFECT DOUBLE WAVES

—just *comb* them in with the WONDER Waving Comb.

Superior Quality.

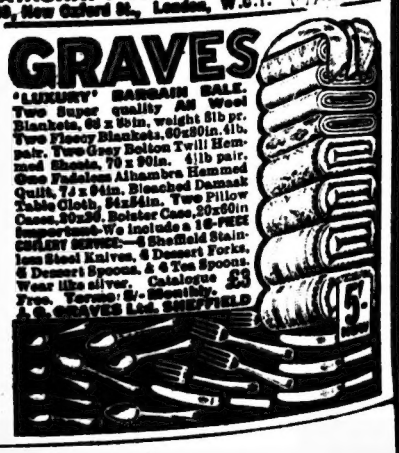
Shape of teeth in comb make double wave. Regular combing for a few minutes and your hair, whether long or short, will be marvellously waved by the new wonder waving comb. No curling iron required. Save both time and money spent at the hairdresser. Indispensable to every woman. Your hair will always be perfectly waved. Send P.O. 1/- to-day.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.

BARGAIN OFFER. Manufacturer's Stock bought out AT LESS THAN COST. 9D. Each Post 3d.

WUNDA-UTILITIES (Dept. J.B.1), 152, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.

GRAVES



'LUXURY' BARGAIN SALE. Two Super quality All Wool Blankets, 6ft 2 ins., weight 5lb pr. Two Fleecy Blankets, 60x80in. 4lb. pair. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in. 4½lb pair. Gent Padelam Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, 7ft x 9½in. Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 94x54in. Two Pillow Cases, 20x30. Bolster Case, 20x60in. Impertinent-We include a 16-PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE:—6 Sheffield Stainless Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, & 6 Tea Spoons. Wear like silver. Catalogue £3 Free. Terms: 5/- Monthly. A. G. GRAVES Ltd., SHEFFIELD

NO DRAINS?

GUARANTEED SANITATION FOR RURAL AREAS

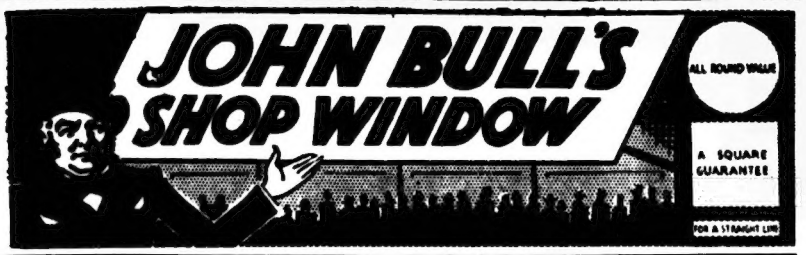
Without drains, without water-flush, Elsan Chemical Closet provides perfect and protected Sanitation. **30 Days' Free Trial** under Guarantee of odourless, faultless action-free, safe. Strong and good-looking. **100,000** in use. 70 on H.M. Estates, Windsor and Sandringham. Country or Seaside Cottage, Bungalow, Pavilion or Camp. 4 Medals from Royal San. Inst. Complete with modern patented fitments, carriage paid from .. **47/6**

Camp Models from 21/-.

Write for free Illus. Pamphlet,

ELSAN MFG. CO. (Dept. 160), 161, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW



YOURS for 3/-

6 value gns for 48/6

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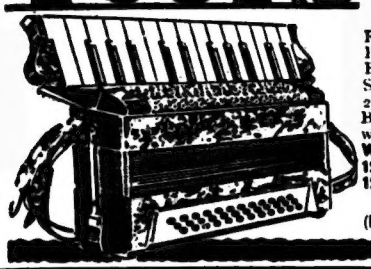


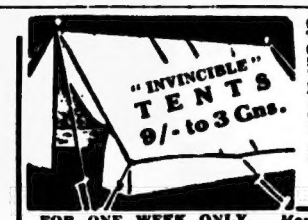
Real Piano Accordeons at Specially Reduced Prices. Piano Finished Cabinet, Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action, complete with Shoulder Strap.

21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit, Balance payable 5/- monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only.

Write for fully illustrated list of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys 24 Bass; 34 Keys 48 Bass; 41 Keys 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

J. A. DAVIS & CO.,

(Dept. J.B.7), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.



6 x 4½ x 3½ 9/-
7 x 5 x 4 ....15/9
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9 x 6 x 6 ....39/9

7½% DISCOUNT IF ORDERED NOW

Send for Catalogue of Waterproof Tents and how to proof your old tent. Also Bell Tents for Hire.

NUTTALL

1, Goodmayes, Ilford

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY. *Money back guarantee.*

Smart rubber soled moulded shoes at cost. To render waterproof, stout rubber sole moulded to upper; impossible for wet to penetrate. Months of wear. For Mechanics, Country, Warehouse or City. Black or Tan. Boys' sizes 1 to 5, 3/-.

Men's, 6 to 11. 3/11.

Post 9d or C.O.D.

NUTTALL

1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD

NAILBITING

Stop it!

NEW NAILS! NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: '*Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after biting addicted for 20 years.*' Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

SENT FOR 26 DEPOSIT, PLUS 6d. POSTAGE.

GENUINE AND ONLY CHROMATIC MOUTH ORGAN

GUARANTEED the same type of Instrument as played by **LARRY ADLER** in his stage Broadcast and Gramophone performances. This superb **HOHNER INSTRUMENT** with its beautiful mellow tone can be played in **ANY** Key (all 12 Keys mechanically sharps and Flats, exactly as your Piano.

Balance 1/6 Weekly for 4 weeks, to approved customers. Cash price 7/- plus 6d. postage.

Super Chromonica Model with three complete Chromatic Scales, in beautiful Silk-lined case.

3/6 only Deposit, plus 6d. postage, etc. Balance 2/- Weekly (for three cks) to approved customers.

Cash Price 10/6, plus 6d. postage, etc.

MODERN MUSIC STUDIO, High Holborn House, 52, (J.B.), High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Special Tutor for these instruments 7d. extra.

LOOKING FORWARD TO

A GOOD HOLIDAY THIS YEAR...!

READ WHAT HE WRITES

Thanks for cheque. We are looking forward to a good holiday this year, mainly due to the extra cash I have earned through being an agent for your firm. My sales are increasing every week, and I am very pleased I accepted your position.

T.A. (Brighton).

Do You want Holiday Cash?

You can earn the £4 and £5 extra cash weekly. Agents deduct their **commissions every week** so that there is no waiting for long clubs to end before you get your remuneration.

This is your great opportunity.

You can also have a good holiday like T.A. (Brighton) by earning extra cash every week in your spare time. **Become an agent for Amprico 6d. Treble Value Club Cards.** They sell at sight because of their wonderful value. No capital or experience is needed. We definitely claim that our proposition is the **easiest and simplest way of adding to your income.**

AMBLER PRICE & COLE LTD.

(Dept. J.B.), Amprico House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

FILL IN & POST THIS COUPON

Travellers required to appoint Agents (All Districts). Salary and Commission

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated catalogue.

NAME (Block Letters) .....

ADDRESS (Block Letters) .....

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Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B. 136, 6, 4, 35.

CORNS and BUNIONS

Walk as though you hadn't a corn or bunion on your feet. Get this new Boot and Shoe Stretcher, which raises leather and forms an invisible pocket around the tender spot. Why endure the agony of corns, bunions, chilblains, enlarged joints, etc., when this simple, inexpensive appliance will make walking a joy? Has brought foot comfort to thousands — now you! Benefit guaranteed or money back. Send P.O. 2/- and 4d. for postage to:—

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NEW ADANA HIGH-SPEED AUTOMATIC PRINTING MACHINE

28/6 Cash or Easy Terms

A Real Automatic Machine in Every Detail in accurate Metal Die-Castings. Nothing has been spared to produce a high-class Printing Machine. Fine adjustments a simple matter, impression is entirely mechanical. You can print

1000 COPIES PER HOUR

Any size of paper or card can be printed. Perfect inking. Standard printers' type and blocks of all descriptions. Adjustable lay gauge, no gauge pins required. Write at once for illustrated Particulars & Samples of Work.

Greater MONEY MAKING POSSIBILITIES THAN EVER BEFORE *FREE with Machine* 100 PAGE BOOK "95 Ways Of Making Money With A Printing Machine."

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London Depot—1, Ludgate House, Fleet St., E.C.4. Manchester Depot—60, Oldham Street.

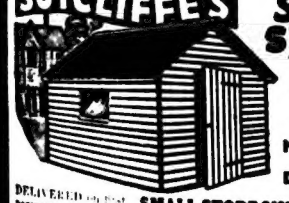
IT'S FREE—

Yours for the asking!

There's no charity about this genuine Free Gift offer—we want you to accept one of these melodious "Monorita" Ukuleles just to advertise our famous "Double-Life" Blades. Not a useless cardboard toy, but a strongly made instrument with all metal sound chamber and tonal outlet, correctly fretted board and strong strings. Send 1/- for packet of 15 "Double-Life" pure Sheffield 3-hole type Razor Blades—and we will send you this complete Ukulele Outfit. Enclose 9d. extra for Tutor and Plectrum, post and packing. Send P.O. 1/9 NOW to:—

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS Ltd. (Dept. J.F.U.3), 80, New Oxford St., W.C.1

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY



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DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in sections for perfect ventilation, easily the best and most carriage paid. Write for Free Illustrated Price List (Floors extra).

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 10 0 — 2/9
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	2 12 0 — 5/-
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	3 10 0 — 6/6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0 — 8/10

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

J. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

1/- POST FREE

U-KAN WHISTLE

WITH FULL CHROMATIC SCALE

As sweet as a nightingale, shrill as a police whistle. We all attempt to whistle, but you can whistle latest dance hits, classics, etc., without any strenuous effort. From low notes to higher than possible from any other instrument. Nothing to wear out. Tunes are obtained from your own power. False notes impossible. You can whistle from morning till night without tiring. Fast or slow—regulate your own time. Nothing else like it in the world. Entertain your friends by sending today. Complete with full instructions, 1/-, post free (Stamps not accepted).

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. J.W.H.2), 80, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes **£2-16-9** profit at **9d.** per punch, and **£1-5-9** at **1d.** per punch. Agents working out special **profit sharing** plan are making **£5** to **£10** weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list - - - - - **3/9** post free.

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER

(Punchboard Specialist),

46J, Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C.3.

TRADE SUPPLIED.

16/6 FULL SIZE BED CHAIR

or 18 weekly payments of 1/-.

Carr. & pack. Eng. and W., 2/6. 3 velvet cord cushions. ANY colour.

BED SETTEE

41 ins. wide.

35/- Carr. & Pack. E. & W., 3/6.

Or 2/- weekly.

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAMES, PAT. SPRING SEATS, AND TURNED LEGS.

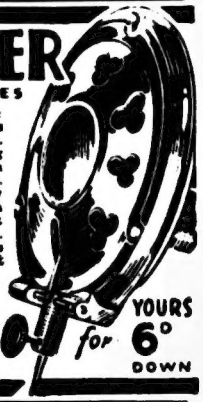
SEND for NEW coloured Catalogue J of wonderful Bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s to:

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.,

68, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

THE MAGIC AMPLIFIER

FOR ALL GRAMOPHONES



Puts 100% vibrant life into old & cheap Gramophones. Improves new ones beyond recognition. A scientific soundbox making old records new, producing rich tones never suspected there. Fit a "Magic" Amplifier (only 2/6 cash or 6d. down and ten weekly payments of 1/-) and it will rival an expensive radiogram. Generous gift of "Magic" needles with every Soundbox. You don't need a new gramophone, but you do need a "Magic" Amplifier. Send right now. State if present soundbox fits into or slips over the tone-arm.

E. HARRIES & CO., 48, NORTHGATE BAILDON YORKS

YOURS for 6/- DOWN

NEW PRODUCTION TRIUMPH

59/6 or **1/6** weekly

Choose! Buy your Cycle at factory **WEEKLY** price or pay the shopkeeper his £1 profit. Latest improved all-British Cycle, superb finish, life-time guarantee. Works price only 59/6, or 1/6 weekly. Shop price £3/19/6. Every cycle rigidly tested & sent carr. paid on 7 days' free trial. Send for Free money-saving Illus. Catalogue showing a magnificent range of Lightweights, Roadsters, and Sports Models, etc., all at direct-to-you prices. A p.c. will do.

MOORHOUSES, Dept. 89, Padiham, Lancs.

Yours Free! RADIO SET Great Gift Offer

Show this to your friends.

Read these simple conditions. ● The "Jubilee Miracle" has been praised by well-known Wireless Authorities and is the talk of the Trade.

We want you to try our famous "Double-Life" 100% Sheffield 3-hole type Razor Blades—the world's best and cheapest Blade—1/- a packet of 15 (post 6d. extra) and if you purchase three packets of these super-edge Blades we guarantee to reserve you a "Jubilee Miracle" Radio Set. Be among the first to receive this novelty Radio Set. Send your order by next post. Enclose 3/6 for three packets and postage of "Double-Life" Blades and your "Jubilee Miracle" will reach you in 7-10 days. Act NOW—you can't afford to miss this amazing offer.

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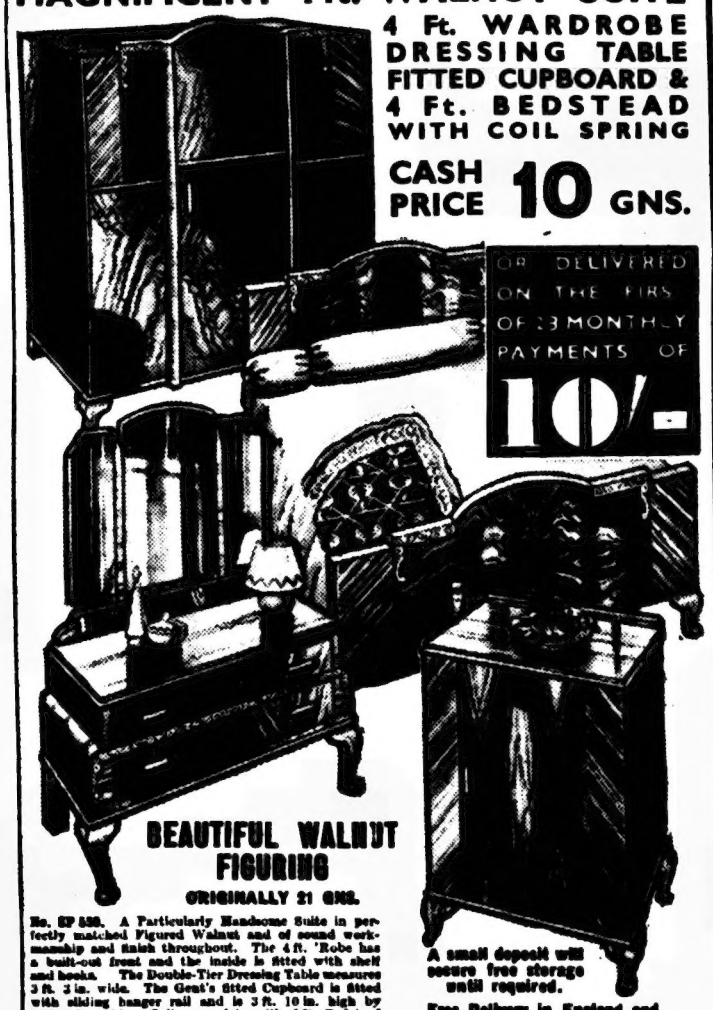

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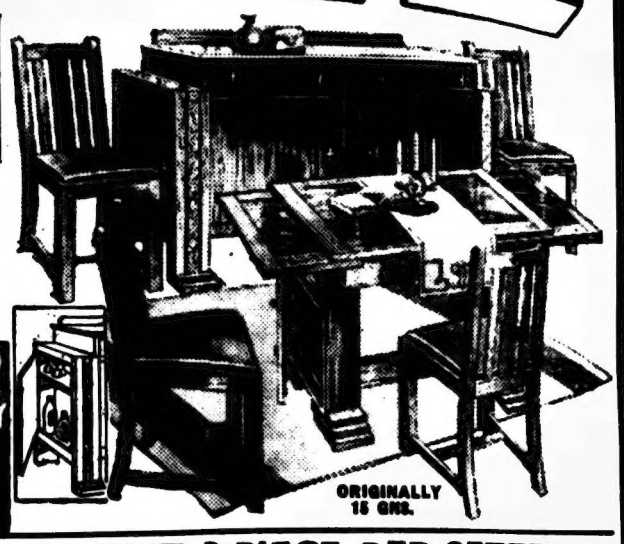

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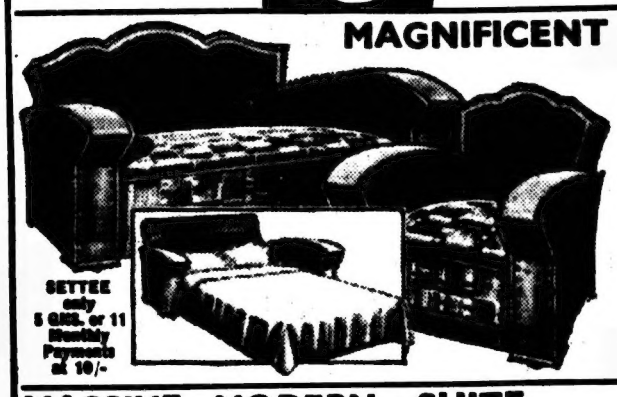

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HANDSOME SOLIDLY BUILT SUITE IN FIGURED OAK

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DRESSING TABLE
3-DRAWER CHEST
4 Ft. BEDSTEAD
WITH COIL SPRING

CASH PRICE **10** GNS.

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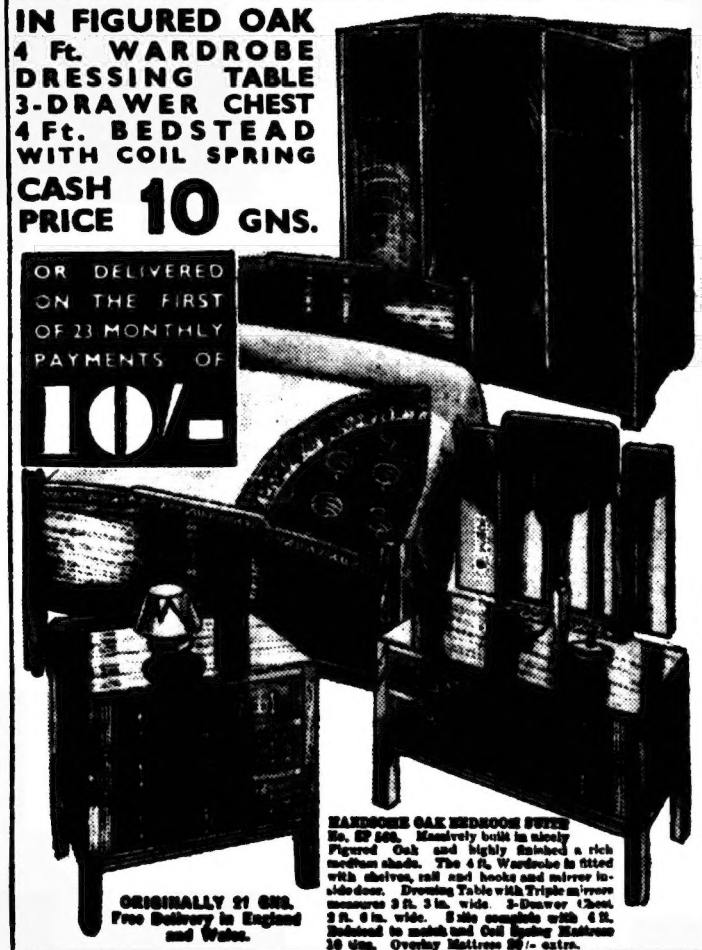

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No. SP 560. Massively built in nicely Figured Oak and highly finished a rich medium shade. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted with shelves, rail and hooks and mirror inside door. Dressing Table with Triple mirrors measures 3 ft. 3 in. wide. 3-Drawer Chest 3 ft. 6 in. wide. Suite complete with 4 ft. Bedstead to match and Coil Spring Mattress 10 Gns. Overlay Mattress 20/- extra.

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DON'T overlook Barry's Tailoring offer in the large advt. on this page.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for Fashion Booklet & free Patterns.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Berkeley Superlax Chair advt. on p. 20 for free illustrated catalogue of all models, together with complete range of coverings, patterns, etc. 10/- with order secures this luxurious chair, modern in design and ever so comfortable.

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"DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!" states an advt. on page 2. Every man needing a good pair of Flannels at a bargain price will be interested in it. Look for the Flannel King's offer.

YOU CAN WAVE YOUR HAIR in a few minutes with the Wonder Waving Comb advertised by Wunda-Utilities in the "Shop Window" on page 2.

A 1/- first payment secures the Ambron Belted Corselette offered in the Ambrose Wilson advt. on page 18. Use the coupon when ordering.

READERS' attention is drawn to the Great Universal Stores Bargain Frock Offer on page 41. Fill in the coupon to learn how you can earn money in your leisure hours by forming a Club among your friends.

CHOOSE your FREE GIFT. Readers are invited to choose a free gift of any article of five shillings' value in the 132-page General Spring Catalogue just issued by Pryce Jones, Ltd.—Partics. will be found on p. 36. Fill in coupon.

A FREE Cycle and Accessory Catalogue is offered by Curry's on p. 37. Simply fill in the coupon and post it to-day.

FILL in the Coupon in BENSON'S Watch offer on page 39. For a few shillings down you can secure either of the excellent time-keepers illustrated. The Coupon will bring an illustrated catalogue of watches, clocks, jewellery, etc.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Remington Typewriter advt. on p. 30 for particulars of the Home Portable and Noiseless Portable Machines, which can be obtained for only 10 monthly payments of 20/-. Turn to the offer now and read the advantages that a Remington Noiseless will bring. Send coupon for further details.

FREE.—Copy of "AWHEEL," the B.S.A. Cycling Annual. Fill in the coupon in ad. on p. 22.

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FREE.—Send a postcard with your name and address, mentioning *John Bull* to the Marconiphone Co., Ltd., Radio House, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, for a free descriptive leaflet of all the Marconi Jubilee Year models, obtainable on easy terms as low as 5/- a week. Don't overlook the offer on p. 16.

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FREE.—A generous sample of PEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, which banishes Constipation, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. P.20), 15, Thames House, S.W.1. See p. 38.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.15), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., WC1.

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RHEUMATIC Sufferers are offered a free sample of a new preparation on p. 29.

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A FREE sample of "SCO," the new oven cleaner and dirt remover, is offered in the advt. on p. 33. Turn to this now.

VALUABLE Booklet free. A mine of information on the important subject of teeth is contained in a special booklet, "Long Live the Teeth," which readers who write mentioning *John Bull* to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. IV), London, E.1, can obtain free and post free without obligation. See p. 36.

HERE'S a unique FREE offer. A safety can-opener—the safest thing ever invented! This is offered in the Skipper advertisement on page 34. Collect 8 Blue Skipper wrapper tops and send them with your name and address to Dept. 56, Angus Watson & Co., Ltd., Southall, Middlesex, and get one of these safety can-openers free.

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A FREE gift booklet is issued by the makers of ROWNTREE'S COCOA.—Write at once to Dept. XD.10, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, for your free copy. Many children's gifts appear in the booklet. See p. 28.

A FREE trial sample of KOLYNOS Denture Fixative is offered in the advt. on p. 37.

READERS' attention is drawn to the unique facilities offered by the Post Office Savings Bank on p. 33. Much useful information appears in this announcement, which is worthy of study. A free Information Booklet can be obtained from any Post Office.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! If you are, or your child is, addicted to this objectionable and health-endangering habit, send for the free explanatory booklet mentioned in the advt. of Filtex, Ltd., on page 3.

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50 for 2/6

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'Spirit' FORTUNE TELLING

—Outrageous New Ramp

AT Bournemouth Police Court recently a woman called Nesta Lewis or "Nesta of the Forest" and who described herself as a medium was fined £25 for fortune-telling.

In her case it was merely the latest of several convictions. During most of the case she sat in a semi-stupor in front of the witness-box clasping a large crucifix in front of her face. But she recovered somewhat when the amount of the fine was stated.

At the same court the same day six other so-called mediums were convicted. They all professed the same mumbo-jumbo of spiritualistic jargon as "Nesta of the Forest," to which, we were glad to note, the Bournemouth magistrates turned a deaf ear.

JOHN BULL would be even more pleased, however, if the zeal of the Bournemouth police and magistrates were copied in other parts of the country, for the new ramp in fortune-telling under the guise of spiritualism is assuming huge proportions and becoming a real menace.

The recognised spiritualist churches of the country, which now claim an adherence of a minimum of 250,000, are helpless to move in the matter. The Spiritualist National Union, their chief organising body, states that all forms of fortune-telling are strictly banned by their churches, as are all other exploitations of the faith for commercial gain.

But the law gives them no power to prevent any charlatan from opening a "church" in some front parlour or hired hall and then setting himself out to fleece gullible people with pretensions to read the future—all under the cloak of spiritualism.

Huge fortunes are being made by some of these "medium" fortune-tellers who have abandoned the crystal and the cards for "spirit guides," and are cashing in on the publicity and the status which orthodox Spiritualism has won for itself. In one recent court case it was disclosed that the convicted woman's takings often reached £300 a week. In Oxford Street, London, in the heart of that huge shopping centre frequented chiefly by women, there are more than a dozen of these "spiritualist" fortune-tellers.

BUT it is in the provinces, in the large manufacturing towns, particularly in the depressed areas, that the new ramp is most extensive. There, these charlatans are lining their pockets, not with the half-crowns and half-guineas of shopping patrons from the suburbs, but with the ill-spared sixpences of the poor.

In Glasgow, for instance, there are now over thirty unrecognised "spiritualist" churches and there is a new one almost every week. In most cases they are established in the parlours of dwelling-houses and are run solely for the benefit of the person who has started the "church."

Fortune-telling under various other names like "clairvoyance," "advice guidance," "spirit guidance," etc., forms the major part of the daily services. And in the Gorbals, Govan and Bridgeton districts, where some of these dens thickly cluster, women actually queue up to pay their money for the services of the "trance medium."

Without Fear or Favour

Inside the "church" is usually a curtained-off alcove, where the "medium" sits to give readings to clients. This individual goes into a supposed trance, which she is apparently able to turn on and off at will, as each of her clients enters and leaves.

A JOHN BULL woman investigator, who paid for one of these "spirit readings" of her future, said that in the course of it there came a knock at a door at the back of the alcove. The medium, who was supposed to be in a trance, turned her head and called out, "Just a moment—I shan't be long!"

The fortune-telling readings are, as a rule, the usual balderdash about dark strangers and impending journeys, and as such, the women who are foolish enough to waste money on this nonsense deserve neither interest nor sympathy.

A more serious matter is the form some of these readings take. To make more money and keep clients coming again and again some of these fake mediums give "serial readings."

They prey upon the minds, nerves and purses of gullible and worried women by hinting at possible trouble, domestic change or good fortune which will not "come through" at the present readings, but might if the client called again for another "trance reading."

There have been several recent suicides traceable to the effect of this cruel, bogus nonsense on the minds of women already ill-balanced by sickness and anxieties of unemployment.

TO make more money and at the same time to evade the law regarding fortune-telling these fake mediums sometimes charge, not for the reading, but for a so-called "spirit charm," a small piece of stamped metal costing a fraction of a penny, for which they charge anything from a 1s. to 5s.

One of the originators of this racket was Cosmo Leon Kendal, a rogue who has served various terms of penal servitude and who started a roaring business in amulets and various psychic centres. Since his exposure in JOHN BULL some time ago, and his subsequent term of imprisonment, he has deserted this field of endeavour. He has, however, found hundreds of imitators among these fortune-telling fake mediums.

In most large towns there is an unwritten arrangement between the Chief Constable and the Spiritualist National Union as to which are recognised churches and which are not. The object is to keep a strict tally and limit on those who attempt to exploit the faith for commercial gain by fortune-telling and similar ramps. But very few of the police authorities act on this knowledge or are as vigilant as those at Bournemouth.

Manchester and Leeds as well as Glasgow are especially black spots and happy hunting-grounds for these rogues. Lancashire is known among them all as a goldmine. At Blackpool there are ninety-eight places where for 6d. and upwards clients can get a "reading." Almost all the practitioners claim medium or other spiritualist qualifications.

In other words, these people have found a way of dodging police action against fortune-telling and similar charlatanism by cloaking their game with spiritualism, which is tacitly recognised by the police. There are no prosecutions on record undertaken against orthodox spiritualists in this country. So the fakes get it both ways—they get immunity by pretending to be spiritualists and at the same time they batten on the status and the widespread public interest which the faith has achieved in the past few years. And thousands of them who are laughing at the law are making a fat living out of it.

There is only one certain way to stop this huge new ramp and we suggest that Parliament applies it without delay. And that is the "one clause" Act for which a quarter of a million spiritualists have constantly pleaded—an Act which will recognise their faith as an accepted religion and allow their appointed body to license such mediums as are genuine by their standards —which do not include such rackets as fortune-telling.

Then the police will know where they are and will have no excuse for not stamping out for ever an impudent, fraudulent and cruel ramp.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Dangerous Dr. 'X'—When Will He Be Unmasked?

THE Great Panel Patient Scandal goes on unchecked, a peril to countless people, increasing the nation's sickness, and in some cases resulting in death.

Week by week, all over the country, people who pay the State for an adequate medical service are being neglected and defrauded in their hour of need. Their greatest possession—health—is impaired or jeopardised by panel doctors who are allowed to disgrace a noble profession with impunity.

For, despite the emphatic demands we made in our sensational series of panel exposures, officialdom still turns a blind eye to the grave evils we denounced.

Neglected patient's death

The negligent panel doctor, even when brought to book, need have no fear of drastic consequences. At the worst, he can count on escaping with a rebuke or a fine—and his name is not divulged.

How great an injustice this crazy leniency throws upon the public may be gauged by the latest case to come before the authorities.

Following the death of a married woman from pneumonia, her doctor was severely censured by the London Insurance Committee, but, as usual, his name was suppressed. His appeal against the Committee's decision has just been dismissed and £50 is to be deducted from his panel fees.

Left for days

This Doctor "X" first visited the woman on a Saturday. He did not call again until the following Wednesday, and not until Friday did he diagnose her complaint as pneumonia and advise her removal to hospital. She died later.

The authorities rightly decided that, in failing to keep her under close observation and leaving her unvisited for four days, he had failed in his duty.

But we maintain that they are failing in *their* duty to the public by suppressing the name of this black-sheep doctor. We must insist that panel patients have a right to know if their doctor has been found guilty of negligence so that they may, if they wish, transfer to the list of a more careful practitioner.

The doctor in hiding

Another Doctor "X" who has just been officially rebuked admitted that, when asked to attend a woman who could not be roused from a fainting fit, he sent a message that he was out. Actually he was standing on the stairs listening to the conversation!

His name, too, is withheld, and he merely has to refund 10s. 6d. from his panel earnings.

Those two cases are typical of many. But in all too many instances of callous neglect the doctor is not reported and thus escapes scot-free.

Grave complaints

Another side of this vast scandal is in the news again owing to the grave complaints made at an annual meeting of approved societies.

One member supported JOHN BULL'S demand that the number of patients a panel doctor may have should be strictly limited. For, as he complained, "some doctors gobble up all the panel patients" and, as a result, are so busy that the patients receive inadequate attention.

Other doctors, it was alleged, are willing to issue medical certificates on payment of a shilling without any sort of examination and even to ante-date a certificate.

Tear away the mask!

We need not dwell on the other defects in the present system. We shall be content to repeat our frequent demand that a complete and drastic overhaul should be carried out without delay.

Above all, we are convinced that one of the most serious panel abuses can be remedied by publishing the names of careless and negligent doctors.

Officialdom must tear away the black mask from the black-sheep doctor who has been found guilty after a fair investigation.

Good Way with Bad Employers

Asking for a Road Tragedy

How much longer will officialdom mask the identity of Dr. "X" when he's found guilty of neglecting a panel patient?

Still dearer food

We fear Mr. Baldwin's announcement that quotas are to be replaced by tariffs means there will be still dearer food for the people.

Farmers complain that quotas have not increased prices enough. We shall continue to believe that if the problem of middlemen's profit were tackled the Government could give the farmers a better price without making the housewife pay all the time.

The right way

But we are pleased to see that Lord Stanley of Alderley is bringing forward a Bill which would require any employer paying wages less than the cost of living to notify the nearest employment exchange.

Failure to do so would render the employer liable to heavy fine or imprisonment.

A similar Bill introduced some time ago was contemptuously referred to as a "bad joke" and thrown out. If the present Bill receives the same treatment we shall be forced to the conclusion that it is Parliament which is the bad joke.

Squeezing them out

We believe most good employers will welcome the Bill as a guarantee of better business.

For example, employers in the rubber garment trade who pay union wages find themselves unable to compete with those who offer wages that a Coolie might disdain.

And so we welcome also the move to get such employers refused raw material. This action might well be copied in a dozen other industries.

Kind remembrances

Glasgow Corporation have found that the exercise of a little forbearance towards tenants in arrears can be justified.

From a poor householder who left for England a year ago, owing them several weeks' rent, they have just received a cheque for £14, discharging the debt. That sum represented a co[illegible]le portion of his first earnings after a prolonged search for work.

How many hundreds like him have to endure the humiliation of being haled to court because their honesty is not put to a fair test?

Asking for it

Now for two lorry men who really invited a road tragedy.

Two men of Willenhall, Staffs, actually gave driving lessons to a girl of eighteen on a two-ton lorry. While the girl was at the wheel the lorry collided with a van, mounted the footpath and narrowly missed knocking down a woman.

We hope no one will be sorry that the girl and the two men have been fined £24 between them.

High courage

Heroism anywhere is a great human attribute. But it is surely at its best when it takes place two hundred feet up at the end of a dangling rope.

That's how two Blackburn steeplejacks, David Brindle and George Swarbrick, rescued a workmate who had been blown off a chimney. Then, true to the unwritten traditions of the British workman, they coolly went on with their job.

Teacher to shun

We also like the alacrity of a Birmingham doctor who issued an SOS for a woman patient found to be a diphtheria germ carrier. But we heartily dislike the woman teacher—also of the Midlands—who continued to teach while suffering from mumps because she thought she couldn't very well go to dances if she stayed away from school.

Do you think she has the intelligence to teach children?

A scandal of the law

We feel sorry for the Rev. S. M. Morris, of Clacton, who was recently involved in an action for libel respecting Sunday entertainments. Though he won a verdict which pleased us and was awarded costs, the latter have proved quite inadequate to cover his expenses.

He is having to appeal for public help and is naturally indignant. Unfortunately, there is a good deal about our legal system which makes us indignant.

Callous

For example, it is infuriating to see that there is to be no redress for the young London man who, sentenced to imprisonment for a first offence, was deprived of his right to appeal [illegible] to a court official's error.

Mr. Wilmot, M.P., suggested that [illegible] record of the conviction should [illegible] expunged, but the Home Office [illegible] definitely refused this.

It will hardly be surprising if [illegible] young man, who declares he is innocent, labours for the rest of his life under a sense of injustice. And it will be a long time before we forget the astonishing callous attitude of the Home Office.

The Fragrant Minute.

BALM AND CEMENT

WHEN you've given the ointment, Pity, to comfort an aching heart; when you've given the ointment, Pity, to ease a wound's keen smart; when you've given the ointment, Pity, to succour an ailing friend; don't you believe, for a minute, your service has come to an end.

There's something else that is needed when the ointment has had its way, for it's never a sign of friendship for Pity to have full sway. A poor cement is pity; as ointment it works quite well, but cement is also needed after the healing spell.

Cement that strengthens the weakened, that stiffens the wobbly spine, and makes the one-time patient announce he is feeling fine! Ointment of Pity! Give it. But follow it with cement. Something to move the will-power to a new and keen intent.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Modern slavery

Abominable, too, is the slavery en[illegible] forced by Lanarkshire County Council which compels watchmen to do a continuous shift of forty-four hours. Even on ordinary days the men get only seven hours' leisure during the twenty-four.

The wages are 6d. an hour, so the men have to put in two weeks' normal work to get one week's wages.

Don't you think we are justified in describing this sweating as a form of slavery?

Fifty-fifty

We wish there were more clubs like that, known as the Fifty-Fifty, which has just come into being at Denton, Lancashire.

The members, business and professional men whose aim is to brighten the lot of the unemployed, have given a dinner for men who have been workless for six or seven years.

We can't think of a more pleasant mingling of hospitality and sympathy, and we hope for some of the guests at least the occasion marked the end of a long and weary search for employment.

Aged man's plight

The reverse of sympathetic is the method being used by the council of Buglawton, Cheshire, to turn an elderly pensioner out of a cottage in which he has lived since childhood.

The surveyor has been ordered to remove the windows and doors on the ground that the property is unsafe. True, the council offers the aged tenant accommodation on their housing estate, but they don't tell him how he can pay their rent and manage to live on his income of 10s. a week.

Can they not find a more human way of persuading him to quit?

Here to-day—

We are amused by the audacity of a racing tipster named Sid Thomas, who in his circulars gives his address as a Stockport hotel for one week only.

Since he omits his permanent address we shall be surprised if many people accept his offers of "overnight letter 5s.; wire on day of racing, 10s.—both strictly prepaid."

Your Jubilee House

No ordinary person could afford to live in the magnificent Jubilee House which is being presented to the King this year.

But life would be simple for you in the JOHN BULL Jubilee House which is finally offered on pages 46 and 47.

Accompanying this fully furnished home with garden there is a car, plus a £3,000 fortune—and all can be yours for a few words entered by Saturday, April 13.

Mr. Alderman Whitehead

In our issue of February 3, 1934, we published statements seriously reflecting on Mr. Alderman T. Whitehead, of Scarborough, in connection with his position as chairman of the Scarborough Harbour Commissioners and as a man who had for many years filled with general approval important public offices and rendered valuable service to the town.

Since the publication of our article there has been a full investigation into the matters we criticised, and we are now satisfied that our comments were not justified. We therefore tender to Mr. Whitehead our sincere apologies.

The Jerry-Builder's Victims: A Promise from the Government

JOHN BULL *in the* HOUSE *of* LORDS

THE voice of JOHN BULL was heard last week in the august precincts of the House of Lords.

The Lord Chancellor seated on the Woolsack, the red leather benches thronged with peers, the Government Bench occupied by leading Cabinet Ministers like Lord Hailsham and Lord Londonderry, heard JOHN BULL's plea for the redress of one of the greatest scandals of our time—the jerry-building of countless homes of the New England.

The occasion was, in the sedate language of the Upper House, a Motion by "the Lord Strabolgi to draw attention to the lax administration of certain local authorities of the present law with regard to the materials and methods used in the building of dwelling houses, and the need of a further extension and strengthening of the laws relating to house building."

The Motion came at the end of the day, which had chiefly been taken up with dry, formal matters of Parliamentary business, and there was a quick stir of attention along the benches when Lord Strabolgi rose to speak.

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SPEAKING slowly but with great purpose, he began by saying that his Motion did not seek to raise any Party issue, "but it does seek to draw attention to what I believe will be agreed by your Lordships to be a very considerable scandal . . . the number of houses in various parts of the country built by unassisted private enterprise, which, in spite of statutes and by-laws, are built of disgraceful foreign materials, and in some cases begin to fall to pieces within a few months of completion and occupation."

Then he told the House that he had sent Viscount Gage, who was representing the Minister of Health, a sheaf of the worst cases "*and also some remarkable articles in a newspaper of very wide circulation,* JOHN BULL, *which give chapter and verse.*" He added: "*Since those articles appeared that newspaper has been inundated with similar cases of a most scandalous nature.*"

Then, to a House which was following his speech with tense interest, Lord Strabolgi began to outline the general case, typifying some of the hundreds of cases which were dealt with in JOHN BULL's series of exposures of the jerry-building camp.

He spoke of the young couple about to set up house together who succumb to the blandishments of "Jerry's" high-pressure salesmen, and append their signature on the "dotted line" of a purchase agreement for some "beautiful house," before they know where they are.

"Of course," said Lord Strabolgi, "they ought to have an independent surveyor's or architect's opinion, but owing to their enthusiasm and inexperience they do not think—and perhaps they do not know—of these things, and when they have paid their deposit, which probably they have taken time to save up, and have settled in the house, they find in a few months that the ceilings are cracking, walls crumbling and giving way, or roofs leaking.

"*And then they realise that they have put themselves in a trap. The original jerry-builder who built the house is in many cases a man of straw, a mere speculator, in some cases not a practical builder at all, who has had the house built by a sub-contractor. In many cases he has disappeared or his limited liability company has been wound up.*

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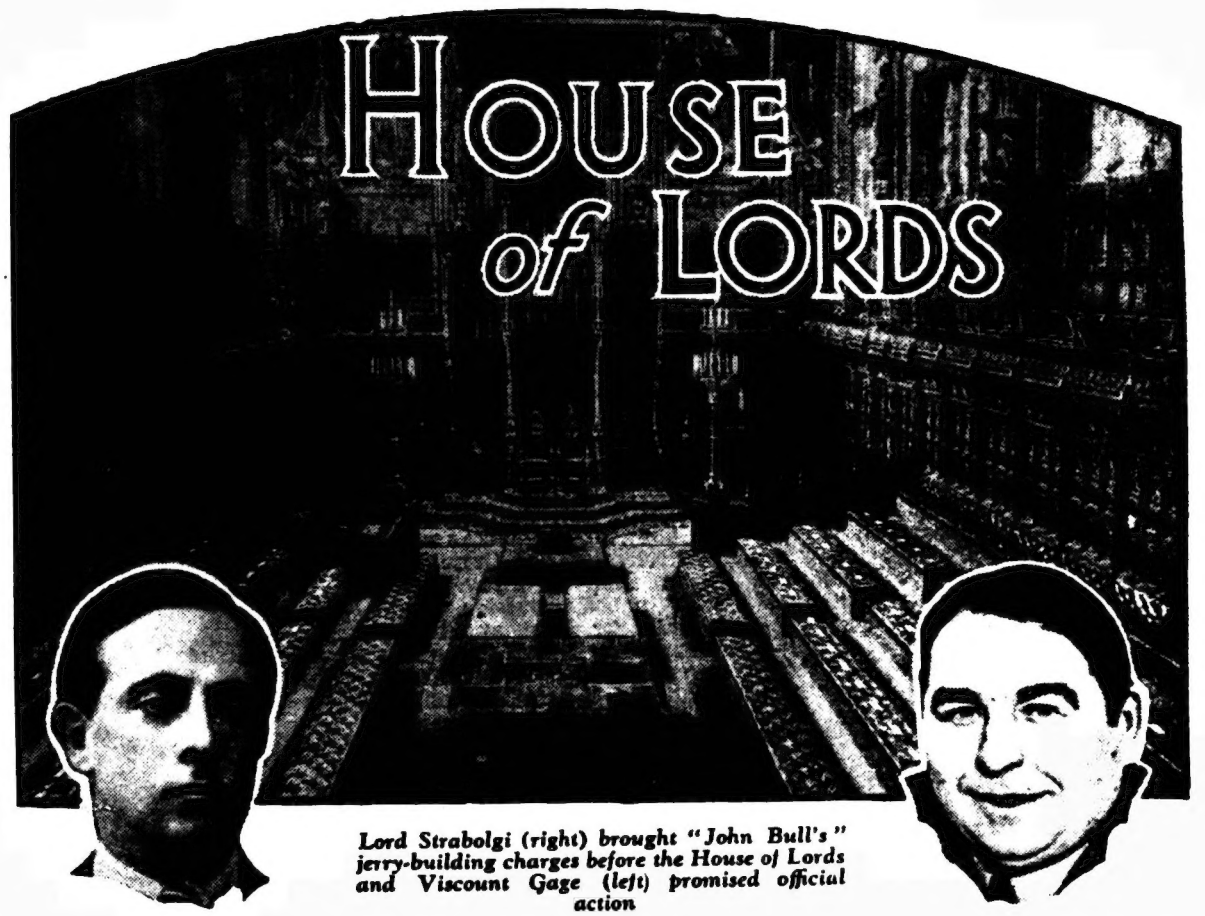
"THEN they are expected to continue their payments to the building society, and the building society refuses any responsibility . . the young people soon find themselves with a heavy repair bill to meet, or else a house which is insanitary and unhealthy. . . . They cannot possibly pay for the necessary repairs. . . .

"What happens? In many cases quite honest and respectable people are forced to do what is known, I believe, as a 'moonlight flit' . . there are dozens and dozens of these cases up and down the country. People have simply been ruined because of the heavy cost of repairs in houses that have been inefficiently built of the worst and shoddiest material. We used to say in Yorkshire 'clogs to clogs in three generations.' Now it is a case of slums and back to slums in about six months in some cases."



Lord Strabolgi (right) brought "John Bull's" jerry-building charges before the House of Lords and Viscount Gage (left) promised official action

Lord Strabolgi specified his own charges against those responsible for this state of things—charges which confirmed in every detail those made in JOHN BULL.

"What are the local authorities doing?" he asked. "In many cases these authorities neglect their duty. The local surveyor is either overworked or inefficient. In some cases, I am told, he is a friend of the jerry-builder, and he does not do his duty.

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"PLANS are passed by the local authority which look very fine on paper . . . but there is nothing in them to specify the materials used. I shall give some actual cases of the kind of inefficient materials that are used.

"Then there are the local by-laws—something like fourteen hundred authorities up and down the country, and by-laws differing in a great many districts—by-laws not really up to date and not meeting modern conditions."

Proceeding with the attack, Lord Strabolgi told the Government Bench in great detail many instances of the jerry-builder at work, such instances as JOHN BULL has dealt with—rotten timber, substitute bricks and plaster work, and shockingly scamped construction—and also the many devices whereby the jerry-builder evades the provisions of the by-laws, such as they are.

He presented his formidable indictment direct to the Minister of Health. "What is the remedy?" he asked. "*One remedy, of course, is publicity. That is one reason why I have brought the matter before your Lordships' House so that unsuspecting would-be purchasers will be warned to employ their own independent surveyors.*"

He then demanded that the Ministry of Health should issue warnings to local authorities and go fully into all cases of jerry-building.

"I have hinted where I think the blame lies," he concluded, "and I suggest the Ministry of Health could do a great deal in this respect. I am sure it is sympathetic. It probably knows what is going on, and I hope this matter will have your Lordships' support and that the Government will take action to prevent this scandal continuing."

Viscount Gage, replying for the Government, promised right away that the Minister of Health would give attention to all the charges made in Lord Strabolgi's indictment of the jerry-builder. He said the Minister would look into all cases of jerry-building brought to his notice, including any evidence which might be brought forward by the victims, and also into any information showing where the local authorities had been lax.

"I must say at once," he said, "that the Ministry has very little evidence of jerry-building on a large scale. But," he admitted, "that in itself is not perhaps entirely conclusive, because our chief sources of information are those local authorities whom the noble lord alleges in some cases to be lax in their duty."

Viscount Gage then said that the Government welcomed this debate "because we agree that publicity in this matter is an excellent thing. W hope it will serve as a warning to prospective house purchasers when buying."

He thought that the remedy lay largely in the public's own hands and suggested that further legislation would do little good.

But he reiterated his promise to go thoroughly into all cases brought to the Ministry's notice.

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THE whole of his speech was marked by the most sympathetic consideration, and JOHN BULL is proud and glad to believe that this debate was a signal victory against the jerry-builder and the first tangible advance towards Governmental action to end this terrible scandal.

And we shall go on!

Our next step will be to pillory the jerry-builder in the House of Commons.

Some of the worst instances of jerry-building which have reached us from our readers have been placed before the Ministry of Health. They will be treated with the strictest confidence. We have submitted them in the hope of getting some redress for these victims.

Our advice now to every reader of JOHN BULL, who considers he or she has been exploited by the jerry-builder, is to write direct, outlining their grievances, to the Ministry of Health.

As a result of this debate in the House of Lords, the Minister has *asked* for these cases. Let us see that he gets them, and so arm him with sufficient evidence to put the jerry-builder out of business for ever.

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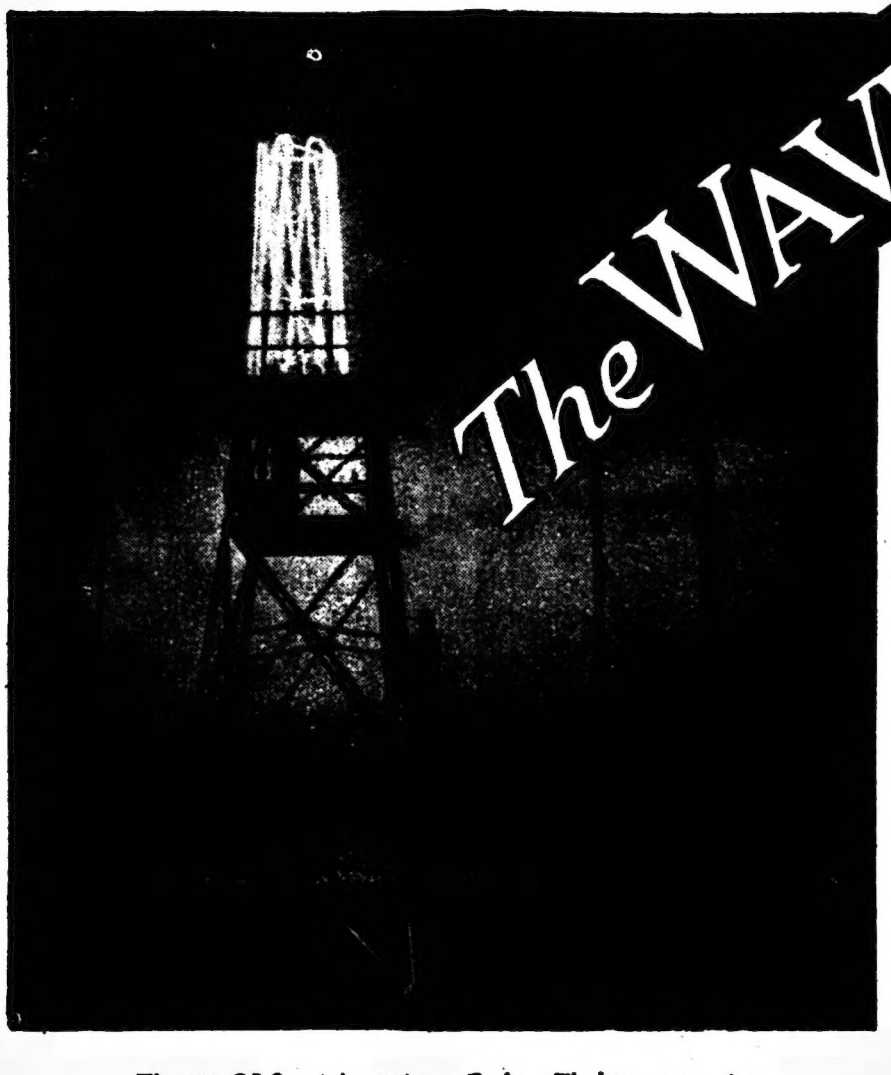
Next Week: Build for Beauty!—by Sir Giles Scott, the famous architect.

The WAVE that LAUNCHED

This American speed cop has a radio ally perched before him on his handlebars and (at top) the lifeboatman can now tune into ship or shore while he is fighting his way to the rescue



The great G.P.O. wireless station at Rugby. The beacon warns airmen of the proximity of radio masts

"IS that Tokio? This is London speaking."

These words, spoken so quietly into an ordinary telephone mouthpiece at the G.P.O. London, the other day, as to suggest that the caller was ringing up Leeds, or Bradford, or somewhere quite as near at hand, inaugurated the England-Japan telephone service that wireless has made possible.

The world's network of telephones was at last as complete as it is ever likely to be, for only such mountain wildernesses as Albania and Tibet, where telephones are unknown, are now excluded from it.

Wireless, the world's latest science, had passed on to its newest triumph.

Yet how many of the people lucky enough to be present when the two great little island nations of the northern and southern hemisphere respectively spoke to each other for the first time realised that this was a day of anniversary in the short history of the wireless wave?

Just twenty years ago the use of wireless on all ships carrying more than fifty people was made compulsory, and wireless had passed out of the experimental into the practical sphere at last.

True the desperate dot and dash messages sent out by vessels in distress were not always heard at first. They were if the ships were sufficiently near to each other, and conditions were suitable, but time and time again they were not.

Then there was nothing left but floating wreckage to tell the story.

That was the stage wireless had reached a mere generation ago! It seems hardly credible when you realise what miracles this same wireless is now performing at sea.

At the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington they are actually controlling model liners by wireless from the side of the experimental tank in which they manœuvre. It seems that one day the navigation of ships will be possible from the shore Then think of the big wireless triumph of a few weeks ago when the Duke of Gloucester pressed a button in Australia and launched a huge ocean greyhound in Britain!

The two countries are about as far apart as two countries can be on this planet—12,000 miles. The hour of the ceremony was fixed weeks before, when there was no reasonable probability of knowing what the conditions would be like. Yet nothing went wrong.

Enthralling magic

Came the voice of the Duke—by wireless—describing what was to happen as an "act of magic." Came the voice of Sir Alan Anderson, chairman of the Orient Company, owners of the new vessel, who was standing at the Duke's side.

Wireless carried those voices in a beam from far-away Brisbane, so that nobody outside that beam would hear them, and then carried them back again to be broadcast over all Australia! Then, as the Duke pressed a button, wireless played its trump card.

The thousands of people watching at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, stood enthralled as a bottle of champagne was released by some hidden force and sent crashing against the bows of the new liner *Orion*, while the baptismal words came from the uttermost ends of the earth.

And then that same hidden force set a tiny apparatus in motion which set a bigger machine working and so, in a series of mechanical relays, set 24,000 tons of metal, a year's work of 5,000 men, rushing down with ever-increasing eagerness to meet the sea.

"An act of magic," indeed, as the Duke of Gloucester said—and yet to the thousands who saw it, it was far less of a miracle than those early dots and dashes had been.

That is the extraordinary thing about wireless. It is probably the most extraordinary scientific discovery of all time. Yet its development has been so vast and speedy, its acts of magic so numerous, that it is finding it harder and harder to surprise us.

Radio diagnosis

One of its newest advances has been in the surgical and medical field—in its newly discovered ability to protect and save the millions of people in our towns and villages as effectively as it does the sailors endangered in storm or pack-ice.

Actually in use in operating theatres in America and this country is the new surgical knife energised by wireless, and which might never have been discovered if our scientists had not been tempted into researches among the shorter waves in order to find whether messages could be sent over longer distances at less cost Under the gentle hand of the surgeon this knife heals as it cuts, solving a hundred problems at once by giving us bloodless, cleaner, and more shockless surgery.

Another amazing discovery which is even more recent is that an apparatus which is really an advanced wireless set can be tuned in the wavelengths of various diseases that affect the human body. Once it has been tuned in it can help in keeping a check on the disease.

In cases of pneumonia it has yielded remarkable results. With other diseases its benefits have not always been so pronounced. But as yet we are only on the outskirts of discovery in this connection and to-morrow we may make discoveries by comparison with which to-day's results will seem infinitesimally small.

Yet the value of both these discoveries may be dwarfed as the result of experiments with a new and special kind of wireless set now being carried out in two London hospitals.

This set, it is hoped, will make the diagnosis of disease certain beyond a shadow of doubt, and not very much of a gamble, as it often is to-day. You have to realise that diagnosis is the most important thing in the treatment of disease to understand what that means.

Diagnosis is the bigger half of medical knowledge and intuition. With faulty diagnosis the best treatment in the world may become the worst, because it is the wrong kind of treatment.

Cannot escape it

And this new wireless discovery promises to make mistakes impossible.

It has been based on the discovery that every individual and every separate part of his or her body has its own wavelength, which not only changes in case of disease, but takes on a new wavelength according to the type of germ that has infected the body.

Medical science found that out. And the wireless world has already given

a THOUSAND WONDERS

To bring new power to the surgeon; the apparatus which controls the radio-energised knife

"An act of magic" was how the Duke of Gloucester described his radio launching from Australia of the liner "Orion" in Barrow, here seen entering the water after the ceremony

medical research the special kind of ultra-high-frequency set of a very high penetrative power that it requires to put its theories into practice.

In actual use it has already been possible to diagnose with accuracy diseases that would have presented doctors with a really big problem, and the next step, now being carried out, is the charting of the various disease wavelengths on a tuning scale—just as an ordinary wireless listener "logs" the wavelengths of foreign stations so that he can identify them as soon as he picks them up.

Wireless is going to help us to identify disease. And that is perhaps far more important than identifying foreign stations.

For the police

Strange, isn't it, that there are still hundreds of thousands of people who say they've got "no time for wireless"—just as there were in the old dot-and-dash days? They look on it as nothing more than a means of sending music and talks into their homes.

"No use for wireless?" As if anyone can escape its uses. As if it isn't going to affect our lives more and more every year!

At Nottingham the Chief Constable sits at a desk and keeps in two-way communication with every road patrol. The system has reduced house-breaking and shop-breaking cases by nearly a hundred a year—one every four days. People who have "no time for wireless" are tasting the benefits of this additional safety just like those who are listening-in every hour of the day.

Then, again, how can any man who ever went to the Derby say he has "no use for wireless," seeing that it is by means of wireless that Scotland Yard gets all the traffic there?

Twenty different police forces have their own wireless services. In London three hundred police cars are in day and night touch with headquarters through the medium of it. Wireless has caught five murderers in eighteen months, and put down the epidemic of country house burglaries that raged until two years ago.

At Brighton, where the police have pocket sets, and where a call from the Chief Constable sets a tiny bell tinkling inside every tunic and so prompts the wearer of it to place a tiny earpiece to his ear and listen to instructions, a shop-thief was caught recently within fifteen minutes of his act.

Soon, no doubt, there will be a proper wireless service for the police of the whole country, acting equally for all and each.

It is going to make Britain an even safer place than it is already for all those people who have no time for wireless.

There are many more uses for this most wonderful of all inventions.

Already it is enabling people sitting at their maps in a warm, well-lighted room, to pilot ships to port and aeroplanes towards their hangars, whether in darkness or fog. And soon, as the result of researches that are going on, it will make collisions impossible.

To-day some of our lifeboats are keeping in touch with shore all the time they are fighting in the teeth of a gale.

Shortly, Britain is going to have its own weather-broadcasting station. No fewer than sixty-three stations spread all over Britain will send the results of their weather observations to it. News from hundreds of ships at sea will be added, and people who depend a great deal on the weather—aeroplane pilots, agriculturists, promoters of open-air events and many others besides—will have a finer system of "forecasts" than any country or any previous generation has ever had.

Developments in the maritime use of wireless mean that only the smallest ships, nowadays, have to depend on dot and dash messages.

News afloat

On the biggest liners daily newspapers are printed for the benefit of passengers—all an outcome of wireless. And where a ship is not big enough to justify a special newspaper, it prints as bulletins the news sent out daily from British official sources for the consumption of people at sea.

The smaller ships that can't afford a ship's doctor are always in reach of expert medical advice—thanks to wireless. Hardly a day passes without the doctor on a big liner helping in this way some helpless seamen on a pitching and tossing cargo boat or one of the smallest passenger ships.

The doctor of the *Andalusia Star* recently saved the sight of a seaman on the steamer *Celtic Monarch* by his wirelessed advice. Emergency operations have been carried out by unskilled hands—directed by experts hundreds of miles away over the water. Once, in sheer desperation, and when death was the only alternative, the skipper of a cargo boat who had been trained in nothing more than the use of the ship's medical cabinet, removed the appendix of one of his crew, following all the time the instructions of a doctor on a giant Cunarder.

Shock for the thief

The operation was successful—thanks to the fact that the Cunarder steamed towards the small boat, and the doctor was able to add personal attention to his wirelessed advice in time to save the man's life.

Go up the stairs of some of the most modern mansion flats—and see what a difference wireless is making to the lives of the occupants.

They switch on the lights as they pass up the steps, knowing that when they enter their own door they will break a beam of light and so extinguish all the lamps they have lit.

This adaptation promises to have more unpleasant consequences — for law-breakers.

The force that is released to turn off switches on staircases can sound a burglar alarm when a night visitant breaks an invisible ray. Or, when a would-be smash-and-grab raider breaks the glass of a window, it can bring a giant grille clattering down between him and the jewels he seeks, at the same time sounding a warning that will bring the police spread over a wide area rushing to the spot.

Wireless is going to make the mines safer for our pit workers. The miner's greatest hope of increased safety in the future depends on a gas detector which will light blinking red eyes over the whole workings whenever the amount of gas present in the pit increases to a dangerous degree.

The heart of that detector, so to speak, is an old-fashioned wireless valve, the kind used in domestic wireless sets ten or twelve years ago.

It became out of date because of certain disadvantages. For one thing, it was too sensitive to atmospheric abnormalities. And that same sensitivity to abnormalities was just what the scientists wanted in evolving a means of detecting changes in the air.

That peculiarity of this old-fashioned valve will also be turned to account in protecting our civilian population—if ever war comes again.

Sensitive to any kind of gas, poisonous or otherwise, it can be adapted to ring bells and sound hooters whenever there is enemy gas about, sending people rushing to whatever gas-proof chambers are provided for them.

It is even used to cut off the gas—of after-dinner speakers. One wireless invention can give an impulse to the wrist of a talker who has exceeded his time—telling him quietly that he must sit down within thirty seconds, without shaming him in front of all his listeners.

Another invention enables speakers to reach vaster audiences without being compelled to stand a few inches from a microphone—which has always limited the gestures and poses of the more histrionic orators.

Such a speaker wears a button no bigger than a half-crown in his button hole. It is a "mike." And through it his voice can be carried to a distant loud-speaker and amplified ten, a hundred or even a thousandfold, according to the size of the audience he has to address.

What next? Well might we who have seen wireless grow in twenty years from an affair of dots and dashes ask that question.

Already it has been found possible to broadcast heat and cold from a broadcasting station—on a laboratory scale. One day, without a doubt, we shall be able to get the heat for our fires and the cold for our refrigerators by tuning in to the appropriate station.

What next?

Then the visionaries tell us that one day we may be able to recapture voices that have been silent these thousands of years. Sounds are but waves, they say, and waves never die.

Somewhere around us are the waves set moving when Cleopatra sang, when Cæsar barked orders, when Nero mocked, when Helen of Troy with "the face that launched a thousand ships" gave her commands. And one day, the experts add, we may have sets that will enable us to hear them—thanks to the wave that launched a thousand wonders.

It sounds ridiculous—but so would the idea of launching 24,000-ton liners by wireless when we first sat up and took notice of this great invention a mere twenty years ago.

The wireless miracles of yesterday are the commonplaces of to-day.

What will to-morrow's miracles be?

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your pleasure

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PARK DRIVE

5 FOR 2d 10 FOR 4d 15 FOR 6d

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Lord Merrivale

You Can Put the Nail in the Coffin Ship

DEAR LORD MERRIVALE,—I trust that, as a result of the enquiry over which you are to preside, justice will at last be done to British seamen. Their plight is one of the gravest scandals in the British Empire.

We pride ourselves that we are a seafaring people. Our merchant service is held up as one of the finest of all examples of our manhood and our worth. And yet we treat its men with a callousness that has long been the subject of talk on every vessel that sails from any of our ports.

I remember, during the war, publishing some facts sent me by the Imperial Merchant Service Guild—stories of the low wages paid to the officers and the seamen who, all through the war, ensured our food supplies, and, indeed, made victory possible, for without them we should have starved.

Quite recently we have been reminded of the plight of our herring fleet. We have been told how men have been out in the North Sea for nights at a time, earning as a reward for nearly a week's work only a few shillings.

Not many weeks ago we read, when the scandal of Newfoundland was exposed by a Royal Commission, how the cod fishermen there were pauperised and the victims of a Truck System which kept them virtually in bondage to their employers.

* * *

When I was in Blackpool last year, the Mayor, himself an old seaman, told me how he had recently been on board vessels where, such is the graveness of the unemployment among seafaring men, largely because of the high tariff walls now being erected everywhere, that all the seamen were men holding master mariners' certificates. They had given all their lives to the service of the sea, and now they were reduced lower than they began.

Fish, everywhere, is sold in the shops at exorbitant prices. The men who catch them earn little—next to nothing.

Poets sing of the Merchant Service. Kipling has gone nearly white in the gills chanting of its prowess and its might.

But, alas, so horrible are conditions endured by crews, unseen by wealthy passengers who travel the seas, never remembered by the merchants whose goods are brought from countries far away, never taken into account by customers who buy things in the shops, that sometimes people turn pale with shame when they happen to remember.

Now you, my Lord, after many years of splendid service on the bench, have in the autumn of your years the great privilege of being allowed to tear aside the veil that has hidden for so long some of these scandals.

When, recently, a subsidy was given to the owners of tramp ships, Arthur Greenwood pleaded in vain that the granting of the subsidies should be conditional on an improvement in the conditions of employment of the crews.

The other night, in another plea for British seamen, he won, after forcing his views upon the President of the Board of Trade, who, being himself the son of a man who was once a sea captain, might reasonably have been expected to be the first to admit what was wrong, the urgent need for an enquiry into the loss of life among seamen on British ships.

No fewer than 125 British ships were lost in 1931, he told the House, 119 in 1932, and 120 in 1933!

This represented great loss of British capital. That is a thing the House of Commons is always very particular about. But it meant more than that. It meant the loss of many British lives.

"It is clear," declared Arthur Greenwood, "that the Mercantile Marine is one of the dangerous trades."

Then Greenwood, who in recent years has put up so many splendid fights for better housing conditions for the masses—yes, and lost a good many of them—went into details. He quoted how, when one boat was lost with all hands, letters which had been written by members of the crew on the voyage reached home declaring "The vessel is a proper old ramshackle."

Even the captain had complained. "The vessel is getting pretty old," he said. "There is always trouble. . . . There is a row going on about the cost of some engine repairs, and I expect the owners will moan about this for months."

In the case of another boat which was lost, a man who had sailed on her as a carpenter had signed an affidavit saying that when he found six feet deep of water in her forepeak while she was in dock the second engineer told him, "That is nothing. You get it every now and then."

Well, this vessel "got it" once more. That time she went down!

Greenwood held up to the House, for M.P.s to see, rusty iron bolts which had been taken from a lifeboat belonging to a well-known line.

"I am told they could not have been inspected for twenty years," he declared. "What are these to hold together a lifeboat, probably overcrowded? How many ships are there going to sea with rotten rivets?"

* * *

The President of the Board of Trade asked "How do we know that the lifeboat has actually been in use recently? There is no evidence of that."

"This was taken out of a lifeboat last Friday morning," Greenwood replied. "This boat is in active commission."

"The right hon. gentleman knows very well," replied the President of the Board of Trade, "that this would not be accepted as complete evidence in a case of that kind."

What evidence does the Board of Trade want? You, my Lord, will hear a lot and you, I know, will sift with the greatest care all the evidence that is brought.

Anyway, as the terms of reference of your enquiry are now to be made as wide as possible, I hope that the Seamen's Union will bring forward all the evidence necessary if you are to be enabled to make such a report that the present plight of British seamen shall be remedied, yes, and immediately.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. HUGH QUIGLEY,
Central Electricity Board

DEAR SIR,—Thousands who regard working-class discontent as something criminal must be profoundly shocked by your statement that the standards of living and wages in industrial communities are actually lower to-day than they were a century ago.

You blame the Victorians for a legacy of junk, ugliness and bitterness, and I agree. They certainly invented slums and the business maxim of "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

JOHN BULL.

The CHILDREN,
High Wycombe

DEAR YOUNGSTERS, — "Uncle Tom" looked after you when he was municipal playground attendant and you didn't forget when he was sacked in the interest of economy.

You subscribed a penny each to get him a present; then, proving to the Council that he was a bigger attraction than the swings, got him back to his old post.

As children I'm proud of you. As citizens I'm sure you'll make me prouder still.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. ALAN DOWER, M.P.: You say M.P.s should be able to rise to all occasions. And know when to sit down!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. H. BRODERICK,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

YOUR WORSHIP,—Aren't you too sweeping in saying that girls of to-day don't look for their charm, manliness or even prospects, but only for their cars and motor-cycles?

I see quite a lot of lonely young men travelling awheel while thousands of boys whose money won't run to motoring are happy with their girls on the roads, beaches and footpaths.

Perhaps you are speaking of those you meet in your court.

JOHN BULL.

STANLEY GORDON JENKINS,
London

CUR,—"Two years of hell" have been suffered by the man you blackmailed; twenty months of imprisonment is to be your punishment.

That sentence is much too lenient for my liking. Not until the most drastic severity is meted out to all loathsome rogues of your type will the most cowardly crime we know be stamped out.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—So your request that younger magistrates should try juvenile offenders has not been generally heeded. In some districts all the magistrates, including the old dodderers, have been appointed to the juvenile courts.

Well, you can't say I didn't warn you about this possibility. As your request has been ignored, you must now insist on your wishes being carried out.

JOHN BULL.

Bishop SHAW,
Archdeacon of Oxford

DEAR BISHOP,—"There is grave danger of overdoing sex teaching," you assert. Maybe, but there are far graver dangers in unhealthy ignorance.

And you go on to describe as "really indecent" a book for young couples about to marry, issued by the Student Christian Movement, and written by a London magistrate, a doctor, and Canon Barry, of Westminster!

I shall be surprised if the authors take any notice of your curious outburst.

JOHN BULL.

Major E. B. ROBINSON,
Beverley, Yorkshire

DEAR MAJOR,—How some old colonels will sneer now you have had shrubs grown round the parade ground and roses near the gate, and have even bought carpets as part of your Brighter Barracks campaign.

Well, let them. Tommy Atkins is a more human fellow than many people of that kidney appear to think.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY GORMAN,
Mill Lane, Cardiff

DEAR HARRY,—When you and your father were charged at Cardiff with theft it was stated you were innocent but, as your father was ill, you had gone to the police and confessed to the offence in order to shield him.

He has been bound over and yourself discharged

You are obviously a splendid son, and I hope that in future your father will live up to your high sense of honour.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—A town in Japan has been renamed Birmingham, thus enabling Japanese goods to be truthfully stamped "Made in Birmingham."

This is cute of the Japs, no doubt, but I hope you will be as cute by promptly calling their bluff. You must insist that, in future, the origin of all Japanese goods is made plain beyond a doubt.

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—Regarding the Lincolnshire rectory which, as I recently told, was burned down because there is no telephone in the village and the fire brigade could not be notified, you say that a guarantee of £4 a year must be paid before you will instal a call office there.

But you should remember the big profits you make from call offices in busy towns; remember, also, that what you lose on the swings you can make up on the roundabouts.

In other words, don't deny to our villages a very necessary public service.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR HILTON,—Here's a chance of doing a day's good deed

Dr. Montford says that all the wells at Hemington (Leics.) are polluted, and if a case of typhoid breaks out the inhabitants will be wiped out. Yet, by a great majority, they have vetoed the proposed public water supply.

Why not step in and save Hemington from itself?

JOHN BULL.

Alderman J. T. BARBER,
Southgate, London

DEAR SIR,—I'm delighted to hear that you have lived in neighbourly harmony next door to Alderman Joy for eighteen years; and I hope that happy state of affairs applies also to the Council Chamber.

Your cat and his dog also appear to hit it off together, and nothing must ever alter the happy relations between you all. You must never cut Joy, Mr. Barber.

JOHN BULL.

My challenge is

QUALITY

JOHN NOBLE'S IMPRESSIVE STATEMENT ON THE SHOPPING CLUB MOVEMENT

THE most remarkable shopping development in the past five years is undoubtedly the "Ideal" Club movement.

Why is it that the "Ideal" Club attracts the best type of member? Why is it that "Ideal" Club organisers are proud of their work, happy in the knowledge that it provides a SECURE and STEADY occupation?

The answer to both questions is this. Behind the "Ideal" Club stands the reputation and resources of John Noble, the world famous mail-order business. Their name for QUALITY and honest dealing has been "as good as gold" for over sixty years.

Every single article supplied to "Ideal" Club members is always of that unrivalled QUALITY to be expected from John Noble's, exactly as supplied to ordinary mail-order purchasers, that vast public who have never entered John Noble's Store but who buy John Noble's goods, year after year, by post—a supreme tribute of confidence.

To the many clubs of mushroom growth, offering "lavish" commissions and "fancy" prices, John Noble's challenge is always the same—QUALITY.

Years after the thrill of club shopping is over, "Ideal" Club members have solid, substantial evidence of the wisdom of their investment—that's the test.

You cannot beat Quality. That is why "Ideal" Clubs flourish and keep on and on, gaining in strength and popularity. And why "Ideal" Club organisers are respected for their sound work with its abundant promise of permanent prosperity.

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To the Secretary, "THE IDEAL CLUB,"
John Noble Ltd, Brook Street, Manchester.

Please send me, free and without obligation full details of membership of the "Ideal" Club and its benefits.

Name .....

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Note: Those who wish to organise "Ideal" Clubs among their friends are requested to make a brief application to the Secretary, by letter. (J.B. 38)

WHAT to DO with HITLER

by A. G. Gardiner

THE momentous tour of enquiry is over. Sir John Simon has been to Berlin, and with the return this week-end of Mr. Eden from his visits to Stalin at Moscow, Pilsudski at Warsaw and Benes at Prague, the inquest is complete.

What follows? The next stage is the meeting at Stresa next Thursday, when the representatives of France, Italy and Britain confer on what is to be done in the light of the situation that the enquiry has revealed. Four days later the Council of the League of Nations meets at Geneva to face the same problem.

That problem turns upon Hitler and Germany. It is no use dwelling in a fool's paradise, and it would be folly to blind ourselves to the fact that the revelation of Hitler's mind and aims confronts Europe with a grave challenge.

Consider the facts. Sir John Simon went to Berlin with one object—to ascertain whether Germany would join Britain, France, Italy and Russia in a scheme to establish the peace of Europe on a collective basis. Certain definite proposals were made in the preliminary communiqué. They concerned regional pacts of peace, an air pact between Britain, France and Germany, disarmament and the return of Germany to the League of Nations.

Hitler's action was ominous. He anticipated Sir John's visit by the formal repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles and the establishment of an air force and a conscript army on a scale beyond anything Germany had hitherto mentioned. It was a scale which would make her the dominant military power in Europe. It was hoped that he had done this for tactical reasons—to have something to bargain with.

How Sir John Simon was bidden farewell at Berlin. What will he see in a year's time—the same bayonets, or a more peaceful symbol?

The high horse

The hope was disappointed. Hitler was adamant, unyielding. He rode the high horse. He talked—and, heavens, how he can talk!—not as an equal, but as a dictator stating his terms. He would have no truck with the Eastern Pact, for Russia was the enemy of Germany. He turned a deaf ear to the Danubian Pact, for his heart is still set on Austria and Hungary. He was unyielding on the dimensions of his army. He showed no disposition to return to the League of Nations, which he regards as an instrument of the victors in the war against Germany.

In a sentence, Hitler, judging from his present attitude, does not want a collective peace system; but a Germany armed, independent of the League, standing self-reliant on her own feet in the midst of a Europe swept by cross currents of interest.

This is the position that France, Britain and Italy have to face at Stresa next week, and that the Council of the League has to face at Geneva the week after. It represents, view it how we will, a staggering reversal of the European situation.

For thirteen years Europe had Germany on her knees, pleading for justice and reasonable terms through sane and moderate rulers. Her pleadings availed her nothing, and in desperation her sane and moderate rulers were swept away. In two years Hitler, by a series of audacious strokes, has won ten times more than Germany had ever asked under Streseman and Bruening, and has changed her from a suppliant to something dangerously like a dictator.

It is said in some quarters that Hitler is bluffing. It may be; but, if so, how is his bluff to be called? It is possible that Japan was bluffing when she launched her adventure in Manchuria in 1931. It may be that if there had been decisive action by Europe and America then the bluff might have been called.

But it was not called, and to-day Japan is mistress of the Far East, has cut herself adrift from the League, and proceeds on her way contemptuous of the world.

She showed Hitler the way. He has followed it. Nor can we suppose that in the policy he is pursuing Japan is out of his mind as a potential ally. Both Germany and Japan are militarist, both have disowned the League, neither has any territorial conflict with the other, both have vast ambitions to satisfy, both have the same enemy between them.

Ominous facts! Japan denies that she has a pact with Germany. Perhaps not. But what of to-morrow? What of next year?

For events are moving with gathering impetus. If Hitler has definitely renounced the way of peace, he will act swiftly. That is his habit. He hurls his bolts out of the blue. Witness his exit from the League, his midnight "clean up" by wholesale assassination within Germany, his startling announcement of a great conscript army. Who could have foreseen two years ago the transformation he has wrought in the position of Germany? Who can foresee what his next bolt will be—what Germany will be doing next year?

Let us suppose that he emerges from one of his week-end retirements to Bertschergaden with his mind made up to act by the seizure of the Naboth's vineyard that he looks upon from his Bavarian windows. Austria falls to him like a ripe plum.

What follows? Is the Franco-Italian pact that guarantees the independence of Austria reduced to a scrap of paper in a wastepaper basket? Will Italy resist? Will France resist? If so, war has begun, and Germany's challenge of force is put to the proof. If not, she has won a victory as momentous as that which Japan won when she invaded Manchuria.

Be prepared!

Her career will not stop there. Her prestige will be established, and every subsequent step will be easier.

It may be said that this is seeing the future in its darkest colours. It is; but it is a future the possibility of which the conference at Stresa and the Council at Geneva must contemplate.

If Hitler does not mean peace, it is action like this that he means and will take. And who, after our experience of Hitler's methods, and with the knowledge we have of the influences with which he is surrounded — the Goerings, Goebbels and Rosenbergs—can doubt that Europe must be prepared for any eventuality?

The question must be frankly faced during the next two weeks at Stresa and Geneva. In view of the negative, even hostile, results of the Berlin conversations, the intentions of Germany must be formally and unequivocally challenged. The ascertainment of whether she means peace or war must not be left to a sudden act which might find Europe without a common policy.

The first stroke

That is what would happen if the case I have mentioned—that of the seizure of Austria—occurred. If we were to ask a company of Englishmen whether they would fight for the independence of Austria, the answer would be overwhelmingly "No." It is probable that the same answer would be made almost equally overwhelmingly by a company of Frenchmen. Hitler knows this. He may act on the knowledge. But his seizure of Austria would be only the first stroke in a policy which could have no other issue than war.

Europe cannot wait for a clear understanding of aims till that stroke is struck. It must ask for that understanding now. Germany must be invited to give unequivocal guarantees that she stands for collective peace. Equally, she must be offered unequivocal guarantees that her equality shall be recognised, that the revision of the Treaty of Versailles shall be undertaken with her co-operation, that her territorial and colonial claims shall be adjudicated on by the public opinion of Europe at Geneva. If these terms are offered and accepted, then the rule of law in Europe is established and the menace of war is banished.

If they are not accepted, then Europe must decide at once on its policy. It must decide that any nation which, refusing to co-operate with Europe, takes the law into its own hands, must be regarded as the common enemy of all and resisted with the might of all.

* * *

Now read the World's Mightiest Lesson in Disarmament (pages 24 and 25)

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Poor Little Rich Girl

WHEN in an idle mood each day
I scan my daily papers,
I can't suppress a pained "Tut, tut!"
To see the same quaint humans cut
The same old comic capers!

The same old film stars get divorced,
The same old Hitler broods,
The same old social critics groan,
The same old Ministers intone
The same old platitudes!

But though all these provoke a yawn,
And seem as dead as mutton,
I yawn still louder when I'm told
About that Princess known of old
As "wealthy Barbara Hutton"!

The above complaint from an obviously hard-hearted reader probably expresses a feeling of fed-upness that you yourself will be the first to share.

Indeed, we pitied you two years ago when the public was regaled to satuation point with columns anent the engagement of the Woolworth heiress and Prince Alexis Mdivani, whose name can be mispronounced according to choice.

Not even in the annals of Hollywood, we were assured, had there been such an authentic manifestation of love's young dream as this heavenly romance of the Prince and the beggarly-ten-million maid.

Then for a while the unbelievably happy pair disappeared from the news page, like overworked sea serpents at the end of the Silly Season, and we had to be content with inspiring items concerning the Princess's finger-nails (which, apparently, are tinted in colours varying from gold to silver, from scarlet to mahogany) and her consumption of figs on the Lido that is not Lansbury's.

But now that the limelit lady is taking her romance to Reno, where divorces are handed out on something like Woolworth terms, the Yankee press hounds are in full cry. The Princess, we are solemnly told, is "the poor lonely rich girl of fiction in real life"; also she loathes publicity, loves to ramble alone in the woods ("Kidnappers' Courier" please copy) and longs to be understood.

It is, of course, distressing (almost as distressing as her published "pomes") to learn from the Princess that "Few people have ever really understood me," but the ordinary bloke, male or female, carrying on the world's work, even without the burden of £10,000,000 to add to his or her unhappiness, is inclined to ask, "Well, wot abaht it?"

Poor little rich girl,
Though there's a hitch, girl,
In your affairs,
You're not the only
One who feels lonely,
Burdened with cares!

Misunderstood girl,
Roam-in-the-wood girl,
Try to cheer up!
Can you sincerely
Say that Life's clearly
Sold you a pup?

Much in the news, girl,
Who'd wear your shoes, girl
When rumours fly?
Don't let such bubbles
Add to your troubles—
Just blink your eye.

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ARE THE EASIEST AND MOST EFFORTLESS TO RIDE

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Hercules cycles are built and guaranteed perfect by the largest Cycle manufacturers in the world.

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OVERWHELMING DEMAND FOR SPECIAL "EASY PURCHASE" SUPER SETS

Radio House, London.

THE JUBILEE AND ITS ATTENDANT CELEBRATIONS—TOGETHER ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING EVENTS OF OUR LIFETIME—IS ALMOST UPON US. THE VITALLY IMPORTANT PART WHICH RADIO WILL PLAY IN BRINGING IT RIGHT INTO OUR OWN HOMES HAS BEEN STRESSED TIME AND TIME AGAIN. YET EVEN NOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE STILL NOT FULLY APPRECIATED THE REALLY INESTIMABLE IMPORTANCE OF THESE JUBILEE PROGRAMMES — THE PATRIOTIC APPEAL WHICH THEY HOLD FOR EVERY ONE OF US—AND THE MARVELLOUS ENTERTAINMENT WHICH MONTHS OF PLANNING AND ORGANISATION HAVE PREPARED. In one week alone we are to hear H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, a Thanksgiving Service, attended by Their Majesties The King and Queen, speeches by Rudyard Kipling and many other celebrities, Shakespeare's "King Henry V" with an all-star cast, Variety programmes featuring the world's most famous entertainers, community singing from Hyde Park, in short—a veritable Empire Gala of the Ether!

Only up-to-date superhet radio can do full justice to these wonders—can render them in all their original pageantry and brilliance. Many thousands of families are unfortunately still tolerating old, thoroughly out-of-date sets which provide only a thin imitation of the real thing. It is the ambition of Marconiphone to send every one of these sets to the scrap-heap well before the Jubilee programmes. Three Special Marconi Jubilee Year Superhets have been designed to commemorate this special occasion and to replace all these old models. They are respectively a Radiogramophone at 22 Gns., a Console at 17 Gns. and a Table Grand at 12½ Gns.; each has already met with an overwhelming and absolutely unprecedented reception from the British public.

Specially accommodating terms of only 5/- per week place these exceptional instruments within the reach of everyone.

From the technical point of view these models are particularly impressive. The descriptive leaflets mention twenty-five of the many interesting up-to-date technical features in which the chassis abounds. Their electron-coupled circuits are designed largely round two very wonderful new Marconi super valves. One is the Marconi MHD4, a triple purpose double-diode-triode and the other the Marconi MX40, a non-radiating high performance detector-oscillator. These two gems of Modern Science hold the secret of the Marconi Jubilee Year chassis. It takes the advanced technician to appreciate fully many of the ingenious refinements of this new masterpiece such as the high-efficiency static suppression and the time delayed A.V.C. over 1500 to 1 signal ratio, 5-speaker power, Tone Compensated volume control, 'Quiet' tuning and adjustable sensitivity, energised moving coil speaker with wide response diaphragm, etc., etc.

Beautiful Cabinet-Work

The great thing from the average man's outlook, however, is that while the Jubilee Year Table Grand is well within his purse, it is nevertheless a really first-class piece of Radio engineering and at the same time a most exquisite piece of figured walnut furniture that will grace any home.

Designed For The Future

Any future changes in wavelengths or other technical developments will not worry the Marconi Jubilee Year models in the least. They have, in fact, already ended the period of radio troubles and difficulty that has existed in many homes for years.

Consult Your Local Marconi-men

Next time you are round the shops look for your local Marconi-men. You can identify them by the Marconi-man symbol which you will find outside their premises or in their window. Send a postcard with your name and address to the Marconiphone Company Limited, Radio House, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. They will send a descriptive leaflet and arrange for you to hear the Marconi Jubilee Year models without delay; you are advised to secure your model while there is yet time—all available supplies are being rapidly absorbed by both trade and public.

A LOVER on the LOOT

Smiling Thief who ROBS WOMEN

A PRETTY woman, dressed in an exquisite evening gown, with a smart ermine wrap, stood waiting the other evening for her escort in the vestibule of a leading London theatre.

Her face showed signs of growing impatience, for she had been there half an hour and the popular musical play she had hoped to see had already commenced.

She was sadly perplexed, for she believed that the man she had arranged to meet was the last word in propriety, and would not have let her down unless something extremely urgent had occurred to delay him.

She imagined that he must either be involved in an accident, or that some sudden problem of life-or-death importance had cropped up at the last moment.

Full of apprehension, she eventually made her way home to her suburban hotel—thirteen miles away—to discover that she had been the victim of a cruel deception.

She is not the only one who has waited in vain at a leading London theatre for the same man. And the story of her experiences is only one of many which are recorded in the criminal archives at Scotland Yard about the callous impositions of a scoundrel who specialises in swindling women in a particularly mean and heartless fashion.

Scores of dupes

Frederick Nicholls is that man, and he is a Lothario of the gayest type. Tall, handsome and dark, with eyes which are twinkling and expressive, he is known in the underworld as "The Smiler."

Nicholls, nevertheless, is one of the most dangerous men at large. Although little more than thirty, he has victimised scores of women with an ease that is almost incredible.

The woman we have mentioned is a young widow who augments the income left her by her husband by running a small hotel. She originally met Nicholls quite casually a few months ago, when he took up residence at her establishment.

She liked him from the start—most women do. After a day or so he confided to her that he was a member of a famous publishing company, with headquarters in London and branches in different parts of the world, and that in the course of his business he travelled a good deal.

His luggage, which was heavily labelled, suggested that he made regular trips overseas, and the fact that he appeared to have plenty of money suggested that he was a man of means.

As time went on he insinuated his way cleverly into the widow's friendship, and one evening he invited her to dine with him and go to a theatre.

She accepted, but on the evening fixed for their outing he regretted that an unforeseen business engagement made it impossible for him to dine with her as arranged. So it was agreed that they should cancel the dinner and content themselves with an evening at the theatre.

Then, in the way we have shown, the widow found herself stranded in the theatre vestibule, and had to return alone.

What a shock awaited her when she arrived back at her little suburban hotel! She found that "Smiler" Nicholls had met with no accident, but that he had been detained from keeping his appointment with her by business that was certainly very pressing indeed!

The widow could scarcely believe her eyes, for she found some of her rooms in complete disorder. Whole pieces of furniture were missing, and expensive engravings had been cut from their frames. Choice silver possessions had likewise disappeared, and from one room a suite of furniture had gone in its entirety.

Further investigations revealed that securities, which had brought her in a steady income, had vanished during her absence, as also had several articles of jewellery which she valued greatly.

Audacious crime

Yet so deeply had "Smiler" Nicholls won her confidence that she imagined that burglars had taken advantage of the fact that the establishment had been left temporarily unguarded. She hoped that she would hear news of Nicholls soon so that she might obtain his assistance in dealing with the situation. Her faith in him was such that he was the last person she suspected as having had anything to do with the looting of her premises.

She is sadly disillusioned to-day. For when he failed to turn up she finally communicated with the police and found that her handsome and twinkling-eyed paying guest was one of the most expert thieves at large!

A more audacious crime would be hard to find. Nicholls had decoyed her from her home with his bogus appointment in order that he could loot her rooms in her absence.

"The Smiler" carried out his exploit with perfection. We are able to disclose that, on the day before his crime was executed, he actually took a furniture dealer over the premises while the woman was out and got him to value the best pieces of furniture!

Nicholls told the man that he was the owner of the property and that he had been called to one of his business interests overseas suddenly and would be away from England indefinitely.

Then he sold the best part of the woman's home at a "sacrifice" price, and arranged for the stuff to be carted away while his victim was waiting in vain for him at the theatre thirteen miles away!

The jewellery he stole has since been traced, and was pawned by him within a day or so of the robbery, at a jeweller's in North-East London. Needless to say, the distressed widow has heard nothing further from him—although the police officers now investigating her complaint have told her quite a lot about him!

Hers is by no means an isolated case. The victims of Frederick Nicholls, in fact, are very numerous. Within the past few weeks upwards of a dozen women have visited Scotland Yard to lay information about this good-looking rogue and to tell tearful stories of how he had decoyed them to fashionable restaurants, theatres and kinemas for the purpose of getting them out of the way while he calmly ransacked their homes and made away with their property.

One of his latest dupes is a Wandsworth woman who believed that he was a well-known composer whose name he had impudently assumed. He told her that he was writing the score for a new musical play which was shortly being produced in London.

Sold her home

To make his story realistic Nicholls actually spent a good deal of time in his room on the ostensible work of setting lyrics to music An accomplished pianist, he played the piano for hours on end in order to provide the necessary atmosphere to cement the woman's faith in him.

In the end she, too, was left waiting at a London restaurant for the beginning of a dinner-theatre outing, which ended just as all the others had done. And when the victim in this case returned to her boarding-house she found not only that her furniture had been sold for "spot cash," but that her cheque-book and various valuables were missing.

Nicholls perpetrated a particularly mean trick on one elderly woman who keeps an apartment house a few miles outside London.

He did not consider her furniture worth selling, so set out to swindle her in another way.

He told her that he was financially interested in a theatrical production which was shortly going on tour and that if she would like to share some of the profits it was certain to bring, she had better entrust all her available capital to him for investment.

The poor woman only had a couple of hundred pounds or so, but the handsome, twinkling-eyed Nicholls induced her to hand it all over to him, and then promptly disappeared to find more victims.

Ex-prisoner

He rarely comes away empty-handed, no matter how small the proceeds may be.

In houses where securities or furniture are not likely to benefit him, he is content to pocket small trinkets or such things as Post Office Savings Bank books.

He is an expert forger, and the General Post Office is at the present time enquiring into a number of withdrawals which have been made through the medium of bank books he has stolen and forged.

Quite recently Nicholls, in an assumed name, was staying at a well-known provincial hotel. Chatting with guests, he got to know their movements at night, and then burgled their rooms while he knew they were away from the hotel.

No one suspected that this clever and smiling "composer" was a super crook, and suspicion was not fastened on to him until long after he had left the hotel without fulfilling the customary formality of settling his account—another of his regular weaknesses.

Frederick Nicholls, who has many other names, is no stranger to a prison cell. Less than three years ago he was sentenced for separating a gullible woman from her savings in another of his heartless swindles. When he was sentenced on that occasion he just smiled broadly in the dock and bowed graciously to the judge before being led away.

It is to be hoped that the police will soon lay him by the heels again, and that the next big event in his immediate future will be the lengthy spell in jail he so richly deserves

Pretty women are lured to the vestibules of smart restaurants to await "The Smiler." But they wait in vain, for he is meanwhile ransacking their homes

Just Time for the Jubilee Book

If you have not already reserved your copy of JOHN BULL's historic Presentation, the Silver Jubilee Book, there is still *just time* to make certain of this great work.

But you must act at once. All Reservation Forms must received by not later than Monday, April 8.

The Silver Jubilee Book is the imperishable story of the past 25 eventful years.

There are hundreds of full-page and double-page plates. All the drama and romance of pre-war days are revived—the sinking of the *Titanic*, the Coronation of King George, the Battle of Sidney Street.

The story of the war is told in amazing pictures, including many from the Imperial War Museum, and there are pages and pages devoted to events and personalities since the Armistice.

Act now! Get the Reservation Forms which appeared in last week's JOHN BULL and send them in by the very next post.

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RUDGE WHITWORTH

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One—all . . . your favourites holding their lead . . . attacking grimly . . . pressing every advantage . . . a roar of applause from the crowd . . . another pass and this time a Player's.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 5-3D 10-6D 20-11½D

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Just Pay Postman 1/- Deposit on Delivery.

Ambron Nu-style Corselette.

AND now we offer this luxurious Corselette on new approval terms, send no money . . . just complete the coupon below, attach your full name and address, and pay the postman, on delivery, the first payment of 1/-. This will be refunded in full unless you are more than pleased, thus affording a full guarantee for your complete satisfaction. Easy monthly payments, if preferred, cost not a penny more. The Nu-Style Corselette is made in striped pink coutil, with soft web net brassiere, under-lift abdominal control, rust-proof steels and four suspenders. Special Bargain Price - **8/11**

Unique Extending Back

The unique Extending back design of this Ambron Nu-Style Corselette allows the body to be bent or straightened without any discomforting movement out of position. It simply expands and contracts in easy sliding fashion with the actions of the wearer.

NU-STYLE C.O.D. COUPON

Please send me on approval, C.O.D., your Bargain Price of 8/11, an Ambron Nu-Style Model Corselette, to following measurements:—

Bust..... Hips.....

Sizes range from 30ins. to 46ins. bust. I will pay Postman, on delivery, the sum of 1/-, and will remit balance of 7/11, and 1d. carriage, either in one sum or by monthly payments of 2/- each. If not satisfied, and I return corselette at once, unworn, you will refund my deposit. ENCLOSE COUPON WITH FULL NAME (Mr. or Miss) AND ADDRESS.

Overseas and Irish Free State Orders Accepted. "John Bull" Order No. 4/3.

Post your order to—AMBROSE WILSON, LTD., 469, Ambron House, 99, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

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Nothing can be more dangerous than the neglect of the first signs of Bronchitis or Asthma, which results in misery by day, sleeplessness by night and inability to follow your usual occupation. Use Potter's Asthma Cure promptly and gain immediate relief and comfort, and avoid the risk of your trouble becoming chronic. Potter's Asthma Cure is just as good for Hay Fever, Catarrh, Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis of children.

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Is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 66, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cigarettes*)

Popular Dish For All

Green peas are becoming more and more popular as a green vegetable. This is largely due to the great convenience offered by buying peas already cooked in tins. In addition peas are rich in the proteids so necessary to the renewal of the body tissues.

Batchelor's Cooked Peas are guaranteed English grown and canned. Their flavour is delicious. They are sold at competitive prices and they are so good that they can safely be given to a child of two years old. They are an especially fine food for children.

Incredible Scandal of VICTIMISED "Dole" FAMILY

"Give me nothing—don't help me, friends, for I shall be made to suffer for it"

HEARTBREAKING enough to be out of work, and facing the bitter struggle to find some new job. The endless trying; tramping round here and there and always meeting refusal until self-respect and confidence dwindle to zero point.

But how much, *much* worse it is when the victim of those hard circumstances is also a victim of injustice; when the payment of transitional benefit is taken from him, and there is nothing left but the charity of "public assistance"—the stigma of living on the rates.

We have criticised in the past the harsh administration of the "dole," and the case we now record provides further scathing evidence of grave inhumanity in the official machine.

For obvious reasons the names of the principals—the man, his wife and children—who have suffered are not disclosed. It would be unfair to indicate their identity, for they are endeavouring as best they can to hide their predicament from their relatives and neighbours.

We give the story, therefore, with reference only to places.

The main incidents are staged at Portsmouth and a small country town of Hampshire.

Some years ago, the man, whose treatment has been so scandalous, was a junior clerk in a London stockbroker's office. Through no fault of his own, but simply owing to a decline in business, there was a reorganisation of the staff, and he was discharged.

Then he returned to his home at Portsmouth, and entered into a partnership in a small garage and motor agency. For a while, his affairs prospered and he was able to marry a young woman who had been operator at the Avenue Telephone Exchange, London.

Bad times, however, affected the garage, and the business had to be wound up. Once again the man was thrown on his own resources.

He migrated to the Petersfield district, and there managed to secure a variety of posts. He was, in different occupations, clerk; chauffeur; traveller; factory hand; canvasser and motor omnibus driver. It did not matter to him what the work was, so long as he could work and keep his wife and the two babies who had been born. Quite obviously, as his record shows, this young man was a "trier."

But once more he was afflicted by the "slump," and he received notice. Periods of out-of-work followed during which he drew benefit amounting to the sum of 27s. 3d. a week.

While in this position, he did casual work for a local hotel for which he was paid 3s.

Yet this young husband and father was not permitted to benefit by that extra trifle. He was, in fact, reprimanded, and his dole was cut to 26s.

A fine amount that 26s. a week, plus 3s. for Sunday work on which to maintain a man, wife and two infants, with expenses of rent, fuel and light.

So the family moved into cheaper rooms.

Under-fed

This economy had no effect, because when the change in the lodgings and the amount of rent was reported, the dole was cut again to 25s., from which rent at 8s. a week was to be paid.

Imagine the position of that husband and wife, who with net resources of 20s. a week, had to keep themselves and two children.

Small wonder that at an infant school examination of the elder child, the medical officer called the mother before him and declared, with warning: "This child is under nourished. She needs milk and special feeding."

How ridiculous it all was:—A mother to be told that she must provide extra milk and nourishment for her child, when she has no spare money at all; when she hardly knows what to do in her distress.

As a matter of fact, the mother did manage to secure from a sympathetic friend some small supplies of milk for her babies, and in consequence her husband was threatened with dire consequences!

A letter was sent to him in these terms:

"Both Mr. —— and his son have informed me that you received milk free. This is a matter that was never stated in your transitional payment details and would go hard with you if reported." All this because a friend had kindly given some milk for an under-nourished child!

Could persecution go further?

Worse was to follow. One day, the man was offered some casual work in washing two motor cars. For this he received 4s. 6d., and he committed a heinous offence, under transitional benefit, of not reporting this.

Nothing at all

Some kind friend, however, reported it for him. Officialdom was up in arms immediately, and decided that rigorous punishment was called for.

Immediately the harassed father was suspended from all further payment, and warned that it was possible he would be prosecuted for not disclosing his handsome reward of 4s. 6d.

Thus this family of four souls was left *without any money whatever.*

To crown their distress, they were given notice to quit.

Eventually, after great difficulty, another home was found, and then the man received a letter demanding payment for a week's rent of the rooms alleged to be owing.

Meanwhile consideration of the further payment of transitional benefit had been deferred to a meeting of the Court of Referees at Portsmouth, which was to be held two months ahead.

Nothing whatever was coming into the family. They might have starved, but for small borrowings from friends, whose contributions were just sufficient to keep life together.

While his case was still awaiting review by the Court, the man managed to secure at Christmas temporary work in the post-office at Portsmouth. He received three pounds a week and was better off than he had been for years, but the pay ended with the Christmas rush, and the Court of Referees did not assemble until the second week in January. So again the family was in an extremity of distress.

When the question did come before the court, *all further transitional payment was refused.*

An endorsement was made on the man's papers to this effect:—

"Disallowed. Claimant is not normally employed in insurable employment, and will not normally seek to obtain his livelihood by means of insurable employment."

What a travesty of "dole" justice that endorsement implies? When the man's record, which is in the possession of John Bull, very clearly shows that out of *eight* separate periods of employment from 1930 to the present year the man was in *insurable employment during seven!*

Seven insured occupations, and one when working on his own account, and yet the man is officially branded as "not normally in insurable occupation."

When the man applied for leave to appeal against the decision, this was refused him.

He wrote direct to the Ministry of Labour, only to receive a formal intimation that the decision of the Court of Referees was final

From the time the transitional benefit was withdrawn, until February 7, the man, his wife and his family received not a penny piece in support. They would have starved but for the charity of one good friend.

30 hours a week

Now they are accepting a public assistance grant, in return for which the man, trained as a clerk, is having to work thirty hours a week on road mending.

Yet he is undoubtedly entitled to transitional benefit. He has been and is an insured worker.

A crying case such as this brings the whole system of benefit and relief into disrepute. It is shameful that such an injustice should be allowed to occur.

We suggest that the Minister of Labour, for the credit of his department, should immediately review the whole circumstances. We have investigated them carefully, and we declare again that the case is shameful.

The Cat Started It

THE weather was soft and inviting, the turf in a Penge garden soft and springy. The family, looking through a window on to a gold-lit lawn, felt it was one of those days when one could shake off the fetters of winter for a rollick out-of-doors.

Within a few minutes, suiting the action to the thought, they were racing round and round the garden in high glee, laughing, goading, challenging, and revelling in this foretaste of summer.

All would have been well if the family cat had not thought fit to join in. Drama has often sprung from such small circumstances.

The cat suddenly made up its mind to leap into the house. It did so by the most obvious means — going through the window. The curtains being in its way, it tore them down in its passage, and they fell across a gas-stove, to become ignited immediately.

Soon the near-by furniture was caught by the flame, and what began as a game ended with the fire brigade at the house coping with the outbreak.

It would have proved a sadly expensive experience to that gay little family if it had not been for the help John Bull was able to give them quickly, when the need for money was most pressing.

Because they were registered under our unique free insurance scheme, we paid for the damage to their household effects, and once again they are able to look at their unfortunate cat with some degree of tolerance.

Have you protected yourself as they did? You never know what small incident—an electric iron left plugged in and forgotten, a playful puppy upsetting a clothes-horse, a toy left on the stairs to trip somebody to disaster—may cause tragedy in *your* home.

All that is necessary is your signature on a coupon which you can post to us the next time you pass a pillar-box. You'll find it reprinted on page 45 of this issue for your benefit. Turn to it before you forget.

Consult Our Tax Expert

We are now at the end of the Income Tax year. Millions of house-owners have already received demand notes for property tax, which became payable in one instalment on January 1 last for the year ending April 5, 1935.

Where mortgage and loan interest has been paid the house-owners should now see about the reliefs and reclaims that may be due to them.

Our Income Tax Expert is already dealing with these problems for readers. He is ready to give you free advice on your Income Tax and property tax problems.

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thousands take **THIS** ➔ and get the same nourishment!

★ *Laboratory analyses show that a ¼ lb. of Cadbury's 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Half-a-pound (weight) of fresh, full-cream milk goes into each ¼ lb. of this chocolate.*

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10/- with Order

Here's the easiest way to do it for the smallest outlay—replace your old, worn curtains and furnishings with colourful and durable *Berkeley* Loose Covers and Curtains. Then this handsome Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair will give your room the finishing touch of luxurious beauty. Designed to suit everyone—tall or short, it takes up any position from upright to lounging—AUTOMATICALLY, without getting out of the chair.

PERFECTLY SPRUNG SEAT & HAIR STUFFED.

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COUPON Please send me your [illegible] of all Models, together with PATTERNS of—1. Upholstery Coverings. 2. Loose Covers. 3. Curtains. *(Cross out Patterns NOT required)*

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Try This Recipe To-night

Thanks to this marvellous discovery, wrinkles can be made to disappear and the skin regain its youthful beauty.

Science has long known that it is the loss of certain vital elements from the skin which causes wrinkles and faded skin. These precious substances can now be restored by the amazing, recently found method of Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna.

Extracted from the skin of carefully selected young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal, 'Biocel' the active principle of living cells is contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. By its use an aged, faded skin can quickly be nourished and rejuvenated—sallow complexion made clear and fresh. Try Tokalon Biocel Skinfood to-night. Even by to-morrow morning you will see an amazing difference in the clearness and freshness of your skin. After one month's use, you will look at least ten years younger.

Wicked Foster Father's
PHANTOM
Friendly
SOCIETY

The self-styled "Rev." James Bralee, a shameless deceiver who plunders charitable people in the name of unwanted children

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham CHILDS

MANY crimes are committed in the name of sweet Charity, and many scoundrels are engaged in raising funds for spurious societies of the most outrageous type.

Among the latter fraternity of impostors who have come under my recent notice is an individual calling himself the "Rev." James C. Bralee, who for some time past has been plundering charitable-hearted people of the North.

Child adoption is the good cause with which he allies himself, and he has proved remarkably skilful in melting the hearts of the charitably-disposed with his well-told tales.

Bralee, complete with clerical collar, horn-rimmed spectacles, and a benevolent smile, recently arrived in Sunderland and began his campaign of collecting cash from the unsuspecting.

He called on the proprietor of an old-established firm and said that he represented the Children's Friendly Society. With a flourish Bralee produced a collector's subscription book and expressed the hope that as the firm had contributed a generous sum to the Society last year, the same amount would be forthcoming for the current year.

This is one of Bralee's usual tricks. The firm concerned had made no such contribution previously, nor had it ever heard of this charity.

However, the proprietor was wary and asked for further information about the Children's Friendly Society, whereupon Bralee jumped eagerly at the opportunity of explaining what a wonderful organisation it was.

The Society, he said, had homes in Darlington, Durham, and Jarrow, but he had to admit that so far it had been unable to establish a similar institution in Sunderland, though there was a possibility of being able to do so in the near future.

The work of the Society, he frankly explained, was to care for unwanted children. It was particularly concerned with watching the welfare of the offspring of illicit unions.

Great shock

As an example he cited the case of a man whose wife was constantly nagging him and he began a friendship with another girl, the result being an illegitimate child.

In such a case, where the girl obtained a maintenance order against the man for the child, the man's legitimate wife and children would be sufferers because of decreased income.

This, went on Bralee, with an unctuous smile, was where the Children's Friendly Society stepped in. His benevolent organisation took the entire responsibility for the upbringing of the poor, unwanted child.

"Wonderful work we are doing," he concluded, and there was every suggestion of sincerity in his voice.

It will come as a big shock to those who have subscribed in response to his appeals to learn that the Children's Friendly Society has no real existence outside his own imagination, while the homes of which he talks in Darlington, Durham, and Jarrow are just phantoms. And he himself is an impostor, who has no right to wear the clerical garb he so frequently adopts.

On another day recently at Sunderland Bralee called at a factory, but on this occasion he was minus his clerical collar. Strangely enough, he volunteered the information that if he called again in the morning he would have his minister's collar on.

In further explanation Bralee said that he had been visiting a brewery that afternoon in order to collect subscriptions, and he always discarded clerical attire on such occasions.

This hypocritical humbug added that it would be "degrading to the cloth" if he were seen coming out of a brewery or licensed premises with his clerical collar on!

It was not of himself but of his cloth he was thinking.

This is a fair specimen of the pious humbug and hypocrisy with which this impostor conducts his widespread collecting campaigns.

Sheffield said No

Information gathered by members of my staff in different parts of the country shows that Bralee has been active for some time past in Shields, Nottingham, Leicester and other provincial towns.

His usual procedure is to collect as much money as possible, obtain credit from tradespeople who are prepared to trust him, and then to disappear in search of pastures new.

Not long ago he was living in Hulme Lane, Sheffield, with his wife and children. In this town he had the impudence to put up last year as a candidate at the municipal elections.

But Sheffield can congratulate itself on the fact that he was defeated at the polls.

As a result of the special investigations I have caused to be made, I am able to piece together some extraordinary facts concerning this pious humbug's short career in the Sheffield area.

First of all he went the round of various well-established and reputable charity organisations, applying for assistance. From these visits he later gained the idea apparently of starting up a charity of his own as a means of making a good income.

But for a time he was in difficulties. In August, 1933, his wife called at the offices of a charity organisation in Sheffield, appealing for financial help as she and her children were in danger of being turned out into the street.

She explained that her husband was in Liverpool looking for work. Arrangements were made to assist this poor woman while her husband continued his unsuccessful search for employment. That, as I say, was in 1933.

Last year Bralee returned to Sheffield and lived for a time with his wife and children at Hulme Lane, but after his bout of electioneering and charity-mongering, he deserted his wife and his children, including a ten-weeks-old baby.

Then, after an absence of six months or so, he returned and, late at night, removed himself, his family, and furniture to an unknown destination.

That was the last Sheffield saw of Bralee. His landlord, to whom he still owes arrears of rent, is, naturally, anxious to renew his acquaintanceship with him, as are also a number of shopkeepers in the neighbourhood.

Pious humbug

It is typical of Bralee's impudence that while he was offering excuses to his landlord for non-payment of rent he tried to get him to subscribe a large sum to his bogus Children's Friendly Society!

Since Bralee left Sheffield my information shows that he has been particularly active in Nottingham and later in various towns on the North-East Coast.

In Sunderland, his latest centre, he has been talking enthusiastically of opening a new home for the "dear little children" who have the misfortune for some reason or other to be "unwanted."

But I have said enough about this pious humbug, who so flagrantly adopts clerical dress, and his activities, to warn my readers to give him and his precious Children's Friendly Society a wide berth.

This "Rev." Bralee is a callous-hearted scoundrel who deserves no support whatever, yet his engaging manner and his philanthropic smiles have charmed away the suspicions of many people whom he has approached for funds.

He is a shameless deceiver and a public nuisance, and my hope is that the authorities will be able to stop his impudent activities and deal with him in the way he so richly deserves.

Homely Wisdom – by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Are We FREE?

A WEEK or two ago I had a German guest in my house along with a number of other people who had met to listen to a lecture on a historical subject. My German visitor was a nice fellow and we all liked him.

But when the time came for general conversation some of his beliefs staggered us. He told us that Adolf Hitler was the freely elected chief of the German people and represented the national soul and will.

When we asked him how it came about that a great people, sixty millions strong, could submit to be treated like children and subjected to the arbitrary rule of one man sprung from the ranks, he reiterated that this was of their own free choice, that they were never coerced, that they were freer than the British, and that no violence had ever been done to a free and loyal German citizen since the Nazis won power.

* * *

We then asked him how he would explain the barbarous execution of two German women, one of them a high-born lady and the other a poor typist, whose heads had been chopped off with an axe for betraying military secrets. He coolly replied that it had never happened. "It is all lies," he ejaculated.

Further questioning only made it clearer that this young man knew little of what was really happening in Germany and refused to believe facts well known to all the rest of the world. In this particular case the truth had been published in Germany itself, but as he had been absent from his own country for some time he took for granted that the report was an invention of Germany's enemies in the foreign Press.

* * *

That in this attitude he was faithful to the views of the German people as a whole is unquestionable.

They believe what they are told to believe and are kept in ignorance of all that their present master does not intend them to know.

But are we any better off? I think and hope we are, but in some respects our real freedom of judgment and action is in jeopardy. Fair and unprejudiced statements of fact in print and in public speech are rarer than they should be, and we all tend to believe what we want to believe and reject what is unwelcome to our vanity and self-love.

* * *

Democracy is no shining success anywhere, and the principal reason for the decline of confidence in it is what I have just written: We allow our self-interest to be played upon by mass suggestion instead of taking the trouble to find out for ourselves what is right and sticking to it.

To hear a man prating about his independence of mind is ludicrous when you know that all his opinions are second-hand and that he has not earned the right to hold any one of them.

If you feel irked by the restraints of daily social discipline you are not fit to be free.

If you are a slave to your appetites all your talk about doing as you like is a mockery; you cannot do as you like, for you are not strong enough to stick to a firm resolve for a single day.

He alone is free who can choose between his own motives and decide which and when to obey.

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CUSTOMER: Why, are there several kinds then?

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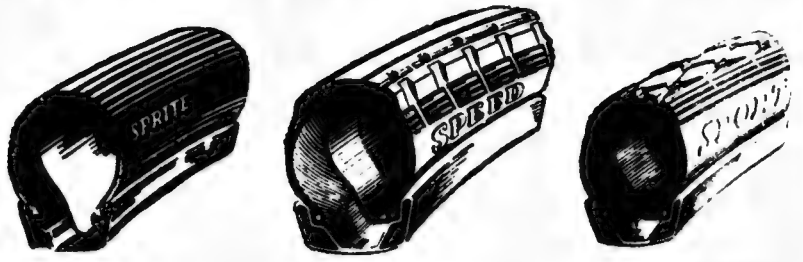

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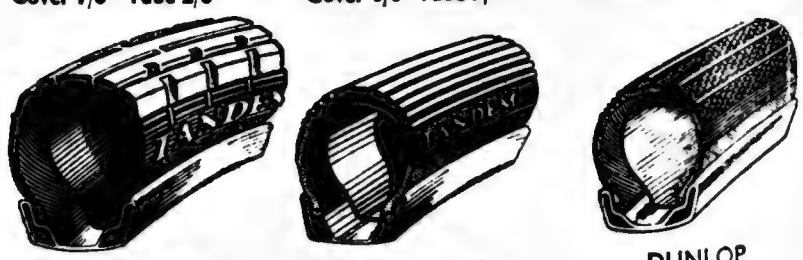

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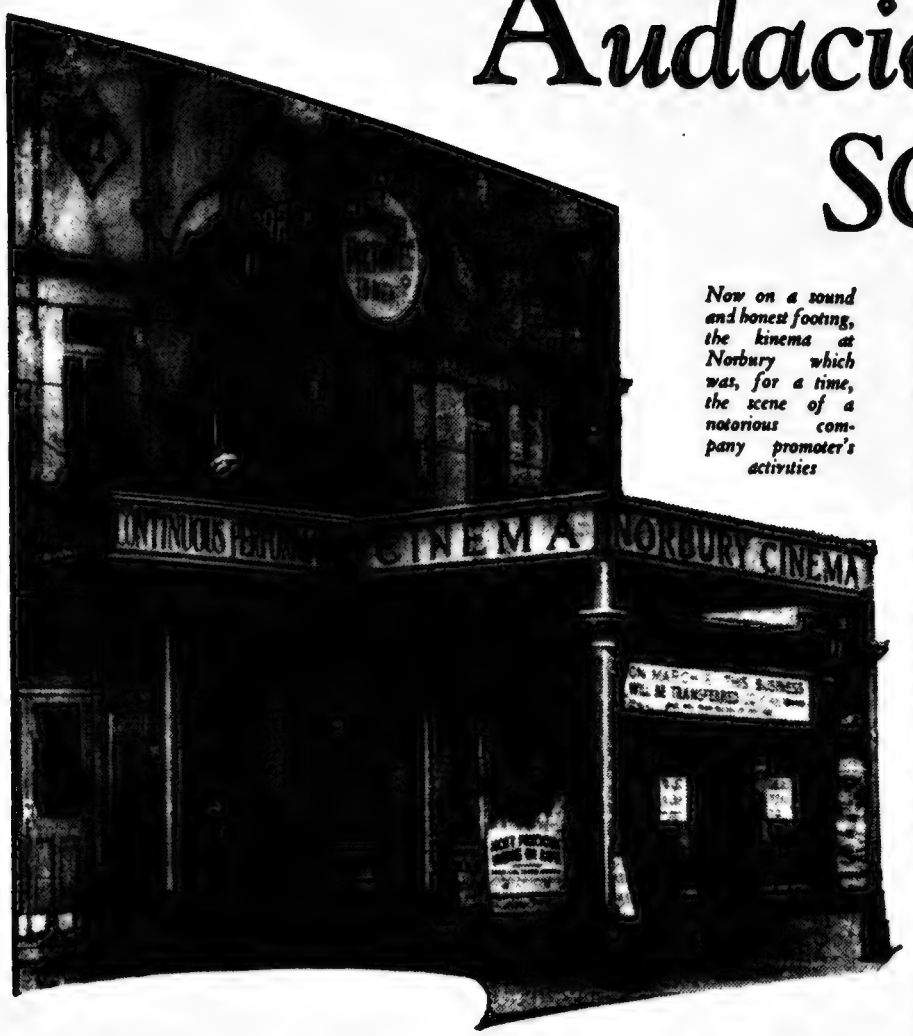

Now on a sound and honest footing, the kinema at Norbury which was, for a time, the scene of a notorious company promoter's activities

A Rogue's Fade-out

THIS is the story of a sensational period in the life of a London suburban kinema; of a spectacular experiment in theatre management which has had disastrous results for a number of individuals, and of the sudden "fade-out" of a dishonest company promoter.

With the object of preventing any further adventures on the part of the principal, we recount the astonishing facts brought to light by our investigation.

The kinema concerned is "The Searchlight" at Norbury, while the rogue of the piece is a notorious fellow by the name of Augustus Dimmer, a middle-aged man with a persuasive tongue and a chequered past.

In the early part of this year he entered into negotiations to take over "The Searchlight," which is an excellently equipped building with a seating capacity of 900, well situated in the main shopping street of Norbury.

Under an agreement, Dimmer acquired possession of the kinema by paying down a deposit and undertaking to furnish the balance of the money required by a definite date. His project was to form a company—to be called Norbury Cinema, Ltd.—to run the place for film and variety entertainment, and he declared that he had substantial backing for the scheme.

Full staff

Actually at that time Dimmer was telling various stories to people whom he was hoping would support him. He victimised one retired professional man, living at Orpington, Kent, to the extent of £850, and he also obtained a small sum of money to assist his enterprise from the landlady at whose house he was then living in Balham. To this lady he gave an agreement promising to repay the loan on a date in January with interest. A promise never kept.

By this time he had become the fully fledged "general manager" of Norbury Cinema, Ltd. He had official letter-paper engraved "The Searchlight" with "Proprietors: Norbury Cinema, Ltd.," and engaged a professional "publicity manager," a young man who knew the kinema business throughout.

On Monday, February 4, "The Searchlight" opened under its new régime, with Dimmer in control. He had booked a series of films and had enlisted a staff to serve the front of the house.

Everything, on the surface, seemed to indicate a prosperity run for the kinema under the energetic and imaginative control of Mr. Augustus Dimmer.

Good audiences

A reception of the local notabilities was held by Dimmer at the theatre, when he explained his plans for making "The Searchlight" the chief entertainment centre of the district. In addition, he issued notices to the effect that he was prepared to book variety and cabaret artists for a concentrated music-hall programme between the films.

Good audiences came to the kinema, and each night Dimmer collected the box-office receipts and took them away. But although he was securing money in hard cash, he displayed a strange reluctance to pay out his commitments.

There was an account for electric light and power owing, and because there was no settlement of this the electric supply to the kinema was cut off, after due warning. So it happened one Friday evening that the hall was in black darkness and no performance could be given.

To prevent a crisis the publicity manager paid the electricity bill from his own pocket, although his salary was then in arrears and the kinema was functioning again the next day.

Printed notices were ordered by Dimmer, with the heading "An Apology to our Friday Patrons," stating that "owing to a mechanical breakdown" the theatre had been forced to close on February 22. These placards were widely circulated.

Artists who appeared for Dimmer at "The Searchlight," giving their turns twice a night, had extraordinary difficulty in getting their salaries from him.

Some were paid in instalments, but others were not paid at all.

There was an act of three young girl singers and dancers who were left on a Saturday night with nothing. Their manageress pleaded with Dimmer for payment, but without avail, and the girls had not even the money with which to return to their homes. They had to borrow a few shillings to save themselves from a night in the streets.

So bad was the position that a deputation of artistes went to the local police station and lodged a complaint against their general manager.

It was a common excuse of Dimmer, when pressed for money, that he was unaccountably short of ready cash. If the creditors would only come back on another occasion or accept a cheque, then everything would be all right.

Many people who accepted his cheques discovered, to their cost, that they were of no value to them. Any number of his cheques, drawn on a bank in London, were returned marked "Payment stopped on instructions."

Bags of money

Yet while he was evading cash payments or writing cheques, which he later suspended, the man was still drawing the box-office money. On occasions he gave supper parties at a West End restaurant, and produced bags of money in silver and copper, arranging them in rows before him on the table.

Even the taxi owner who drove Dimmer at night was not paid. This man is owed more than £20 for fares and all he holds is a stopped cheque.

Other cheques which the bank may not meet owing to orders from their client are scattered through Norbury.

At the end of the first week in March, when Dimmer had held possession of the kinema for just a month, the whole pretence of the man and his supposed company collapsed. That Saturday night, after gathering in the receipts, he left the theatre, while the members of the staff were waiting for their wages.

Not a single one was paid by Dimmer for the week's work. The attendants, the programme girls and the hall boys would have been left in a sorry position if the publicity manager had not again come forward and paid out of his savings the money due to these employees.

Since that day Dimmer has not reappeared and none of the people who have claims against him can ascertain where he is living.

Enquiries show that, as a company, Norbury Cinema, Ltd., is non-existent. The venture was never registered by Dimmer, although he traded under the style of a limited company and led people to believe they were subscribing for its shares.

Non-existent

Actually the whole affair was a scandalous pretence.

Film agents, professional artists, tradesmen and employees are among those he has not paid. Even his lodging bill is unsettled. He deceived and fleeced right and left.

Officials of the Inland Revenue Department are now investigating his affairs in connection with the returns for entertainment tax, and his activities are also under review in other quarters.

A last point to be emphasised is this: The kinema at Norbury under new and efficient management is now being conducted in an admirable manner. All connection with Augustus Dimmer has been severed.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

NO SHORT CUT

IF you are going to live life satisfactorily and make a good job of it, you must start with a very clear realisation of what life is.

It has been called a battle. It has been described as a journey. It has been sung of as a voyage. They all sound picturesque, but they are none of them quite true.

Life is no one thing. What is probably nearer the truth than anything else is to call it a series of ventures—or, if you like, adventures. Different environments, different circumstances, different problems, different complications—always different, never the same, changing almost daily—these make life for any one of us.

It follows that the most important thing any of us can do is to develop the power of adjustment. It sounds easier than it is. Failure to adjust is the cause of nine-tenths of the world's unhappiness.

It is always a personal problem. No one can do it for us. Self-adjustment or failure is an inexorable law.

What then is the golden secret? Alas! There is none. Adjustment is a slow and painful process. There is no short cut.

It depends on knowing ourselves. We must know very clearly our own powers and our limitations. We must learn to control our impulses and rely on our reason. We must learn to distinguish between what matters and what is of no account. We must school ourselves to laugh at reverses and keep level headed when fortune smiles. We must develop versatility and cultivate courage and patience and hope.

We are more plastic than the world around us. If we can't change the world we can change ourselves. If we can't remould the world to our own heart's desire, why, let's alter our heart's desire to something within the compass of achievement.

When the mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. And that, maybe, is the real secret, after all, of successful adjustment.

The World's Mightiest Lesson

3,000 Miles Without a Gun

LAST week we drew a picture of Europe's 4,000 mile frontier—its legions of children armed with guns, rifles, bayonets—of ten million youth betrayed...

Here is another picture—of another frontier—where peace is not kept with guns nor youth etrayed.

by W. N. Ewer
the Diplomatic Correspondent

YEARS ago Sir Norman Angell wrote a famous book, showing how foolish was the "Great Illusion" that a nation could gain anything by war. Four years' slaughter and the consequences proved his case to the hilt.

To-day Europe is suffering from another great illusion, which is every whit as dangerous as the first.

Every Government and most people are hypnotised by the belief that armaments, big armaments, guns, fortresses, tanks, aeroplanes and the rest are necessary for security.

A nation, they believe, can only be safe if its frontiers are heavily protected, heavily fortified. Without this there can be neither security nor a feeling of security.

Because of this belief, the armaments pile up on both sides of every frontier. And as they pile up there is no gain of security, but everywhere a growing feeling of alarm and fear.

Maybe, people will say, but there is nothing else for it. Frontiers are frontiers and must be protected. Else there would be no security at all.

They talk like this. Yet all the time right under their noses, as it were, is a complete proof that it is all nonsense.

Not a soldier

There is one frontier to-day, between neighbouring civilised States, which is absolutely secure, where no one feels afraid, where no one, on either side, has any fear of invasion or of air-raids or of anything of the sort.

It is the safest frontier in the world. Yet from one end of it to the other there is not a fort, not a garrison, not a gun. It is absolutely unguarded (unless you count customs officers) and absolutely safe.

And it has been so for over a hundred years: thanks to the courage and common-sense of half a dozen men.

For three thousand miles, from the Bay of Fundy to Vancouver, runs this frontier between the Dominion of Canada and the United States.

Two thousand miles or so of this long boundary line are land—most of it a straight line drawn over the open prairie. You may ride from one end to the other and never see a soldier.

A thousand miles or so are water—the Great Lakes. They are seas, except that they are fresh water. Lake Superior is as big as the English Channel, Lake Huron as big as the Irish Sea. Battle fleets could sail them. But from Duluth to the St. Lawrence you will not find a battleship or a cruiser, or a destroyer or a submarine.

Merchant ships go their way on these waters entirely unprotected, entirely safe. The Great Lake ports—Cleveland and Toronto and the like—big cities with crowded harbours, lie defenceless, open to attack; and perfectly safe.

In the narrow waters between the Lakes, American Detroit looks a mile or two across the water to Canadian Windsor; Port Huron to Sarnia; Buffalo to Fort Erie. All are quite undefended (the "Fort" of Fort Erie is an ancient monument of no more military significance than Corfe Castle). All are quite unperturbed.

All along the line complete disarmament; all along the line complete security. A perfect working model of what, given common-sense, other frontiers might be.

Contrast with the peace and confident safety of those 3,000 miles, the 200 miles or so of frontier between France and Germany.

It is on the French side, it soon will be on the German side, the most heavily protected frontier in the world. By all the arguments of the "safety by arms" people, it should be the safest, sleeping peacefully in the consciousness of complete security.

New menaces

From one end of the border to the other runs an amazing network of fortifications, built at a cost of hundreds of millions of pounds. Great subterranean fortresses, cunningly constructed trench systems, a line incredibly stronger than those against which millions of men were thrown in vain during the war.

Behind the fortifications are the big military bases, with hundreds of thousands of men under arms; the air bases with hundreds of aeroplanes ready to take the air at shortest notice. Behind them again a network of strategic railways and strategic roads, over which masses of reserves can be hurried.

Everything that man-power, money-power, brain-power can do is being done to make those 200 miles of frontier safe.

And the result is that nowhere in the world is there so much insecurity, so much anxiety, so much dread as in the lands on either side.

Every effort by either side to gain security defeats itself; for, across the border, it becomes a new menace, calling for new measures of security.

The stronger the "defences" become, the more the feeling of insecurity grows.

And there, on the other side of the Atlantic, is the working model, the perfect proof that security which cannot be obtained, but is actually destroyed, by armaments, can be obtained by disarmament.

It sounds all right..

But—comes the answer—this is putting the cart before the horse. Surely that Canadian-American frontier is not secure because it is undefended. Surely it is undefended because it is secure; because there has never been the least danger or the least likelihood of Canada attacking the States, or of the States attacking Canada.

That sounds plausible enough. But it happens to be quite untrue.

The historic fact is that between these two countries security was the result of disarmament.

The story of how it came about, of how the "Rush-Bagot" agreement—a disarmament treaty which has lasted and worked well for 117 years—was made, is almost forgotten.

It ought to be taught in every school; for it gives just the lesson that the world needs to-day.

It came after a war, that war of 1812 which is also nearly forgotten: a war in which the British had burned the Capitol at Washington, in which the Americans had invaded Canada and had all but taken Montreal.

The war ended inconclusively, leaving behind the sense of dread and insecurity. There were plenty of causes of trouble left; for the Peace of Ghent, though it ended the war, settled none of the quarrels that had begun it. War might come again at any time.

Canada lay open to invasion. That had been proved. And the next time the invaders might have better luck.

"Security" became the watchword. Canada, said Lord Wellesley, must be protected against danger from "a great naval and military Power acting on her frontier."

"Control of the Lakes," was the recipe for security. The land frontier then was largely trackless wilderness, a fairly effective barrier against serious invasion. The strategic key to the position, said Wellington, was command of the Lakes.

It was Perry's naval victory at Putin Bay on Lake Erie that had opened the way for the Americans.

"As the weaker Power and the most exposed to sudden invasion," said the British delegates at the Peace Conference, "Great Britain considers itself entitled to claim the use of the Lakes as a military barrier."

The Americans refused the claim. "The right of preserving our naval forces is a *sine qua non*."

Peace was signed on Christmas Eve of 1814. The rival navies still faced each other on the Lakes.

At once the cry went up for their increase. The London papers announced a big shipbuilding programme as the only guarantee of Canadian security. In Parliament "the prospect of a new war in the United States was held up by Ministers as a solid reason for enormous and unparalleled expenditure."

The First Lord of the Admiralty denounced "pinchbeck economy." The American Navy was growing, Great Britain must have a fleet of three-deckers on the Lakes.

That all has a familiar ring.

Great Britain was preparing a Big Navy. The United States was getting ready to reply in kind. The two countries were within a hair's-breadth of entering on a naval race.

Had the race begun, the whole history of North America would have been altered. The Lakes would have been held by rival fleets,

The latest link in the chain of friendship which has brought more than a century of peace—Mr. R. B. Bennett, *Canada's Premier, and President Roosevelt of U.S.*

n in Disarmament

LES
out a GUN

The men who began it – James Monroe, fifth President of U.S., and Lord Castlereagh, England's Ambassador in Washington.

..One Hundred Years of Peace!

eyeing each other jealously and anxiously. Because of the fleets, the Lake cities must have been fortified. The fortifications must have spread eastward and westward as the country was opened up.

Those 3,000 miles of frontier would to-day be heavily "defended" on each side. From the Atlantic to the Pacific there would have been the same fears that there are to-day from Luxemburg to Switzerland. Armed against each other, the States and Canada would have feared each other, would have grown to hate each other. The shadow of war would have hung perpetually over the continent.

It was a very, very narrow thing. The preparations were afoot, the Press campaign was in full swing. The Big Navy men seemed in the ascendant.

Then, in November, 1815, there came to John Quincy Adams, United States Ambassador, a despatch from the Secretary of State, Monroe, afterwards the President who invented the famous "doctrine."

It was one of the wisest despatches ever sent by a Minister.

"If each party augments its force on the Lakes, with a view to obtain the ascendancy over the other, vast expense will be incurred, and the danger of collision augmented in like degree."

Vision

Therefore, Adams was to propose to Castlereagh the complete abolition by both sides of all armed forces on the Lakes.

Castlereagh hesitated: he feared that it was a tactical move: that in the event of war disarmament might prove to the advantage of the States. Adams pleaded for good faith on both sides. Good faith was better than the "jealous and exasperating defiance of complete armour."

Castlereagh, who, for all his faults, had vision and imagination, was convinced. He was strong enough to overcome the resistance of his colleagues. But wisely he suggested that the negotiations take place in Washington.

It took time: for in those days for an Ambassador in Washington to "consult his Government" on any point took, not twenty-four hours, but maybe three months. But at last it got done.

In April, 1817, Richard Rush and Sir Charles Bagot exchanged the notes that make the "Rush-Bagot Agreement." Rush was Acting-Secretary of State (Monroe now being President). Bagot was British Ambassador: a quarter of a century later, as Governor of Canada, he was to take the decisive step to establishing responsible government there, to be severely rebuked by the Home Government for doing so, and to die more or less in disgrace.

The notes were short and simple. Each Government agreed to abolish all armaments on the Lakes, except for five small gunboats for police purposes, "restricted to such service as will in no respect interfere with the proper duties of the armed vessels of the other party."

That was all. Never, perhaps, was so simple a diplomatic document with such far-reaching and beneficial effects.

Actually it only applied to warships on the Lakes. In practice it established a rule, not only for the Lakes, but for the whole frontier.

Tempers calmed

They were difficult times round about 1840. There were constant boundary disputes between the two countries. On the Maine-New Brunswick border, 1838, hastily raised militia troops even came into conflict in the "Restook War." But the two Governments took control. The Rush-Bagot spirit prevailed. "All military forces" were ordered to withdraw. Diplomacy settled the dispute.

Five years later came a quarrel at the other side of the Continent, over the Oregon boundary. "Fifty-four forty or fight" became a battle-cry in the States. Latitude 54° 40′ was boundary claimed by the Americans. "We are resolved to maintain British rights," said Sir Robert Peel.

Had there been "defences," fleets on the Lakes, armies on the frontier, there would pretty certainly have been war. But no fighting began because there was nobody on the spot to fight. Tempers calmed down: common-sense prevailed. To-day the most heavily defended frontier in the world is the most insecure: the completely undefended frontier rests in absolute security. That is no amiable theory, but a plain fact. One day Europe may learn the lesson.

But we should remember that only the common-sense and courage of five men enabled the Americans and the Canadians to learn it.

Monroe and Castlereagh, John Quincy Adams, Rush and Bagot ought, for that piece of work in 1817, to be ranked high among the world's benefactors. It is a shameful irony that they are either forgotten, or remembered for quite different things.

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"Then I saw it —the red star of a Verey light. Almost under our wings"

NIGHT FLIGHT —Lost at SEA

I HAVE not actually given up flying, though I no longer rely upon it as a method of getting daily bread. There is not so much money for the commercial pilot these days.

Perhaps this is just as well for me, because if anyone has had a run of luck I have. Luck has a peculiar habit of deserting one at very critical moments. I thought it had deserted me one night.

It was a good time ago now; the last election but one. I had been asked by a certain newspaper to do a job which, although not outstandingly difficult, made me think very seriously before undertaking it. The paper, which printed editions in both the South and North of England, was particularly keen to produce similar pages of the election results in yet another paper under its control. This other paper, being a morning paper, had to go to press almost simultaneously with the others—round about 1 a.m.

The London office was, as usual, sending matrices of the pages to the Manchester works. My job was to pick up still more matrices from Manchester and to fly them to Newcastle.

Night flying is not a job that anyone would pick for amusement at the best of times. A night flight across the Pennines is still less attractive. At this time of the year it was definitely a dubious proposition. Nevertheless I thought that, given certain assistance and an even break, it was worth the candle. I put it to the newspaper in those terms.

Their reply was, "Do what you like, spend what you like within reason, but do it."

I said O.K. and began to make my arrangements. I bought rockets—good big ones that would be capable of soaring above whatever clouds there might be, a host of red storm lanterns, a signalling lamp, and a Verey pistol and flares.

All these things were very necessary, because the aerodrome at Newcastle was, in those days, a badly situated, unlit place.

The matrices would not be ready till dark, and, therefore, from the time I left Manchester until the time I arrived in Newcastle I should be flying entirely by instruments. I thought this over a good deal in the breathing space before the actual night.

♥ ♥ ♥

Finally I decided to ask a friend—an experienced air navigator and wireless operator—to come with me. He agreed, and, between us, we worked out the following plan.

The moment we took off from Manchester the Manchester office was to 'phone the Newcastle paper. The Newcastle paper would immediately get in touch with the Newcastle aerodrome and report that I was on my way.

The ground engineer at the aerodrome would at once light the red storm lanterns with which he had marked the boundary fences of the field. He was also to fire off the rockets at fifteen-minute intervals to guide me to the spot. It was, indeed, a very well-worked-out plan, and we had taken every possible precaution.

The night arrived—a windy night with too many clouds for my peace of mind—and the matrices were rushed out to the aerodrome. The 'phone message was sent through to Newcastle, and we took off into the blackness.

Once clear of the field and the surrounding obstacles I set the aeroplane on the prearranged course and headed for our destination. Looking back through the cabin windows I could see the comforting sight of my navigator bending over the little table in the glow of electric light. He had the radio set beside him and was testing it.

Then came the first snag. He got up and walked forward to the cockpit door.

"The wireless won't work," he said. "I can't get a reply."

In those days telephony over the distance we were hoping to work was very unreliable, and we were equipped for morse telegraphy. That was one of the reasons why I had wanted assistance.

It is one thing to speak into a microphone and quite another to fiddle with a morse key, watch a compass and fly an aeroplane in the dark. Still, my navigator was one of the most competent men in the game and I still felt quite happy.

Then we began to run into clouds.

"I think we'd better take the short crossing of the Pennines," said the navigator.

This meant that we would fly on one course till we were safely over the treacherous hills and then take a new course, *in between the Pennines and the Yorkshire hills*, straight on to Newcastle.

We had allowed for this, and, as it happened, I had arranged for a beacon at Sherburn which would confirm our position before we turned off between the hills.

I climbed the machine and headed for the Pennines. Then it began to rain. The weather grew heavy and the clouds thicker. Very soon we were flying quite blind.

At last, when the navigator announced that we were over the hills and that the beacon would be about below us, I put the nose of the machine down and hoped for the best.

Actually I need have had no fear, because, when a reliable man tells you that there are no hills under you, you can bet your life that there aren't. Nevertheless, when everything is as black as soot and your nerves are on edge from clouds and rain, it does make you feel a bit wary of gliding down into the darkness.

To my great relief the clouds cleared and the ground was faintly visible. But the relief was very temporary. A hill loomed up ahead. I whirled the 'plane round and tried again. Another hill loomed up. There was not a sign of the beacon anywhere. We had gone wrong.

Actually, as we found out afterwards, we had gone perfectly right, but we had gone too far. We had passed the beacon while we were still in the clouds and we had flown right on in amongst the Yorkshire hills!

No matter what I did we seemed to meet more and more of them. As fast as I swung the machine to safety another dim shape rushed at us. I was frightened. Heaven alone knows how frightened my friend must have been!

There we were, on our course by dead reckoning, lost amongst deadly ridges of hill, clouds above us, almost inky blackness all around.

♥ ♥ ♥

There was only one thing to do, and we decided to do it. We climbed up into the clouds once more and headed for the coast.

The more distance we could put between our wheels and the invisible hilltops the happier we felt. Then, as we rushed on through nothing without the ever-expected crash, our spirits rose again. Whatever hills were wrapped in cloud we had managed to miss.

At last I ventured another peep through the windows into the cabin. The navigator saw me and patted his heart with relief, smiling! He signalled for me to go down. I nodded. And then, the most beautiful sight! The

(Continued on page 28)

How Anne's wish came true

"NOW WISH, DARLING – WHY, I BELIEVE THE CHILD'S CRYING!"
"NO I'M NOT AUNTIE, BUT – OH, IF ONLY MY WISH COULD COME TRUE! BUT THERE ISN'T A SINGLE NICE MAN WHO...."
"MEN WORSHIP A LOVELY COMPLEXION – YOUR UNCLE STILL PRAISES MINE – BUT YOUR SKIN'S TIRED – LOOKING."
"I BELIEVE IF YOU USED THIS KNIGHT'S CASTILE DEAR – IT'S SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE."
THREE MONTHS LATER
"YOUR COMPLEXION'S A DREAM COME TRUE, DARLING."
"AND YOU'RE MY WISH COME TRUE."

If you live in a crowded town and work in a stuffy office, you'll have to *do* something to avoid the unattractive, drab complexion that comes from "tired skin." And the best and safest thing to do is always to use Knight's Castile. Its generous, soothing lather feeds the vital beauty glands and stimulates them just as country breezes do. Knight's Castile—at only fourpence a tablet — is the cheapest and surest beauty treatment possible.

Knight's Castile
TOILET SOAP

KC 180-364 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

If he gave you a home

he OWES you a Hoover

not "some sunny day"—but for this spring-cleaning

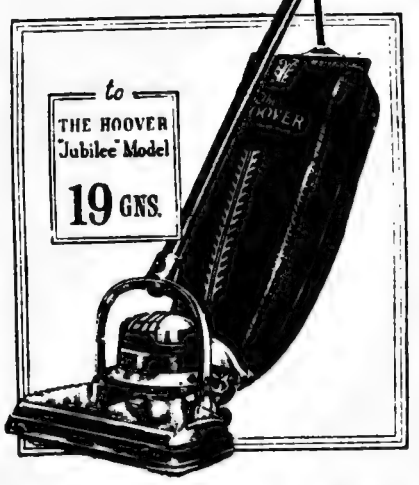
You know all the work there is to do in keeping a house as he likes it kept.

But does *he?* Does *he* know that now every home that can afford electric light can afford a Hoover?

That now there's a new Hoover—the Junior—for as little as £10.15.0—or 10/- down? That even the finest cleaner in the world—the new "Jubilee" model, with its Dirt Finder flood-light, can be obtained for only £1 down?

Does he realise that now especially, with spring-cleaning so near, is *the* time to get your Hoover?

Talk it over with him. Send the coupon below for full information on the various Hoover models, and Dusting Equipment and together select the one that *your* house needs.



The HOOVER
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

By Appointment Manufacturers of Electric Suction Sweepers to H.M. the King.
By Appointment Manufacturers of Electrical Cleaners to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

COUPON

To: HOOVER LTD., Dept.R.4., PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDX.
Please send me full particulars of all Hoover cleaners.

Name .....

Address .....

Tom's a hefty boy now that we've changed to Rowntree's!
PLAY UP COOKE - DON'T LET JACKIE GRAFTON BEAT YOU!
MR. GRAFTON WAS AT THE MATCH WHEN THEY WERE SHOUTING AT OUR TOM. READ WHAT HE SAYS IN THIS LETTER.
OUR BOY USED TO BE THE SAME. TRY TOM ON ROWNTREE'S COCOA. IT WILL HELP HIS DIGESTION. SO HE'LL GET MORE GOOD FROM HIS FOOD.
2 MONTHS LATER
SO YOUR UNCLE'S GIVEN YOU BOXING GLOVES FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY!...THAT CHANGING TO ROWNTREE'S AT MEALS HAS MADE HIM A HEFTY BOY MOTHER!

Tom's a hefty boy now—

Mrs. COOKE, 129 Laburnum Avenue, Hull.

"Tom worried us — he was so weak and listless. He seemed to have no strength for anything — not even his games. Then a friend wrote advising us to try him on Rowntree's. He said Rowntree's helps digestion and gives you more good from your food. It was wonderful the difference it made to Tom — he's a hefty lad now and ready for anything."

FREE Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. XB10, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Free Gift Booklet which includes many children's gifts.

5½d. per ¼-lb. tin, ½-lb. tin, 10d.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

THE COCOA THAT ACTUALLY HELPS DIGESTION

Night Flight . . *continued from page 26*

My LUCKIEST Landing

machine plunged out of the clouds and we were over the inky blackness of the North Sea!

From various points along the coast we saw the friendly winkings of lighthouses. At once my friend bent over the Nautical Almanac.

"There," he said, pointing, "that is So-and-so. Turn left by that one!" He had recognised and checked up the flashing beam.

But, alas! there was more to come. We were by no means out of the mess. We flew on and on in search of our destination but saw nothing. Once again there was nothing but blackness. We should have seen the rockets.

V V V

Every fifteen minutes the engineer, co-operating from the ground, would be firing the long yellow shafts at the clouds. The burst of coloured stars would show us where to look for the ground. We saw nothing!

After a while I began to get frightened again. If we wasted much more time the rockets would be finished. Perhaps they were already finished. We had taken so long in amongst those dreadful hills that the last one might have already been fired.

And yet my friend was confident that we should be about over the field.

"We must be," he persisted, "*You've* followed the course and *I* know it is right. Fly about a bit and see what happens!"

So we flew. We flew for about twenty minutes and still nothing happened. There was not a light to be seen anywhere. We *must* be lost.

There was no other explanation. No radio, no aerodrome, nothing. Only a large number of hills and plenty of clouds.

I remember thinking what we should do, where we should go in the end, what hope we had of landing. They were not nice thoughts.

To make a landing over strange country at night is sheer suicide. Even when there are lighted boundaries to a field, and a flare path to show the wind direction, you are entitled to a sigh of relief as the wheels stop turning.

In the darkness you might fly, or glide, into anything. It doesn't much matter what you hit. Houses, trees or just plain ground are all the same at sixty or seventy miles an hour. It was all up.

Then I saw it! Quite suddenly and absolutely unexpected it came. The red star of a Very light. Almost under our wings!

V V V

A red light! "Don't land!" that means. But, believe me, no green light had ever spelled SAFETY more than that red one did to me!

And then, gradually, one by one the red lights commenced to appear. They were being lighted. I couldn't help laughing then. I am sure no string of lanterns has ever been lit quicker.

That engineer must have put up a record! One by one until the whole letter "L" glowed round two sides of the field.

That was for our wind direction. Then followed, the green Very light, "O.K. to land."

Down we came. We were there—safely! The matrices were put into a car and rushed off to the paper's office. Then I began to ask a few questions. So did a representative of the paper who was on the field with the engineer.

"What on earth happened to you?" he asked. "We began to get frightened. We were afraid something had happened to you. You are over an hour late!"

"Began to get frightened!" Did that fellow know what it was to be frightened?

"Happened?" I said. "What do you think happened? What happened to all the lights? To the rockets? To everything?"

V V V

"Well, sir," said the engineer, "*I was waiting for the message, as you said, but it didn't come. So naturally I thought you hadn't left.*"

So there we had been, flying around in the darkness for nearly two hours, trying to kill ourselves, and they had not even expected us!

At least they had expected us—*one of them had.* The representative had been walking about the cold field, talking to the engineer, searching the sky, straining his ears for the sound of our engine, wondering what had gone wrong.

And, during the whole time he had been waiting, it never occurred to him that *he had forgotten to mention to the engineer that we were on our way!*

Not a single rocket had been fired. Not a single lamp had been lit. By the sheerest stroke of luck we flew over them and they heard us.

How easily we might have missed that one red star!

A LEG-UP, PLEASE

THREE - YEAR - OLD Tilly's dad is one of our ex-Servicemen who suffered badly in the war, and still suffers.

He enlisted at the age of seventeen, went to France in December, 1915, and received sixteen shrapnel wounds in his left leg and a fractured shoulder. He was sent home in August, 1916, and went to France again in December of that year.

At Ypres, in 1917, his left leg was blown off from the thigh, his right shoulder fractured, and shrapnel wounds in arm and buttock. For three and a half days he lay unconscious in No Man's Land before he was picked up. Finally, he was invalided out of the Army after three and a half years' service.

With the help of an artificial leg he managed to keep in work until 1926. Since then he has only done casual work, and, with the exception of fourteen weeks, has been unemployed for the last three years. Out of his disability pension of 28s. he has to pay a weekly rental of 16s. and maintain himself, his wife and Tilly.

* * *

The doctor reports that for some time Tilly and her mother have been in very poor health. And Tilly is looking forward to the arrival of a baby brother (or sister) this month! Seeing so many men unemployed who are not hampered like Tilly's dad with an artificial leg makes him despondent of ever securing a regular job. He can get about, he says, "pretty fair," and is willing to take on work as a lift attendant or anything he can get.

His wife, who suffers from acute anæmia, is greatly in need of help. Her wedding ring is in pawn.

Considering all that he has suffered on his country's behalf his poverty should not go unrelieved, for he is a steady, honest, deserving man who fully merits aid, and we feel sure our readers will give him a leg-up by sending donations earmarked "Tilly."

* * *

Our general fund is also on its last legs. One of our friends, in sending her regular weekly contributions, wrote: "I am sending a little extra this week, 10s. instead of the usual donation, out of love and respect for our King and Queen's Jubilee." This is a way of celebrating the Jubilee after Their Majesties' own hearts, and we pass on the suggestion.

All donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Tilly

"The Greatest of These . ."

Race with "Silver Ring"

Newbury Next

ONE of the lessons to be learned from Flamenco's Lincolnshire is to pay little attention to the views of the horse-watchers.

The Park Lodge horse was the subject of unfavourable reports on at least two occasions after gallops. His victory in the race proper was the most convincing for over fifty years.

Newbury's Spring Cup, which comes up for decision this week-end, has been renamed the Newbury Silver Coronation Cup. Probably, for one year only.

I have known the valuable Newbury event to be won by a Lincolnshire failure, and backers will in all likelihood be having a tilt at Bow and Arrow or Over Coat.

Man's Pal also ran well on the Carholme for a long way, and another I liked was Lost Soul, who finished sixth, just behind Adriatic.

Guinea Gap, with 7st. 8lb., catches the eye as nicely in, and I shall probably code this four-year-old if he figures in the overnight probables. Otherwise, the selection will be Lost Soul.

Note Solfeggio for the "Thatcham" and Bordeaux for the Spring Plate. The latter was unlucky at Lincoln.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 4, to Wednesday, April 10.

W N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L R 98 T F 94 M P Q C 93 B A K X U Z

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95SQWSD would read BAHRAM. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. A98K2O94W would read SNOOKER.

THE GUARDIAN OF HER LOVELINESS...

the Olive Oil in Palmolive

This amount of Olive Oil goes into every tablet of Palmolive

WHAT is the best way of all to preserve the natural fresh bloom of a youthful skin? 20,000 beauty specialists give the unanimous answer "simply by *natural* cleansing with soap and water—so long as you use the *right* soap." And the right soap, they say, is a pure *Olive Oil* soap.

There is no purer vegetable oil soap than Palmolive, which is made only from the natural beautifying oils of the olive and the palm. These oils alone lend it its characteristic green colour—no artificial colouring whatever is used.

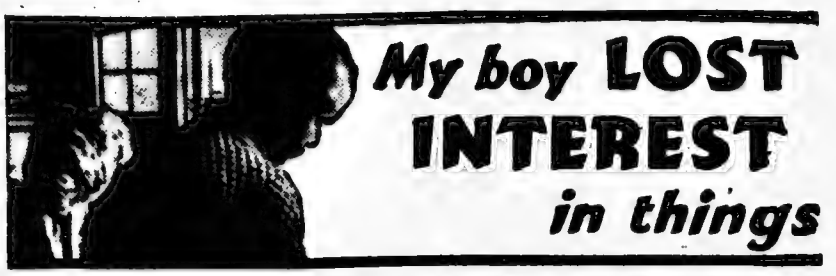
That's why you can give your skin no better treatment than the regular daily use of Palmolive with its rich, soft and abundant lather.

3D PER TABLET

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

JB

My boy LOST INTEREST in things


YOU RIDE SO WELL, PETER. AND YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED A PONY OF YOUR OWN... SO DADDY'S BOUGHT ONE FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY
MANY HAPPY RETURNS PETER
2 WEEKS LATER
WHY AREN'T YOU RIDING, PETER? DON'T YOU LIKE YOUR PONY?
YES—BUT I CAN'T BE BOTHERED. I'M TOO TIRED
HE SEEMS TO HAVE NO ENERGY LATELY— AND HE USED TO BE SUCH A LIVELY YOUNGSTER
WELL—I'VE BEEN THINKING PERHAPS HE'S OUTGROWING HIS STRENGTH. I WONDER IF I SHOULD PUT HIM ON HORLICK'S.. EVERYONE SAYS HOW MARVELLOUS IT IS FOR CHILDREN
AND SO EACH NIGHT
LOOK, MUMMY! TOWSER MUST KNOW HOW LOVELY HORLICK'S TASTES
6 MONTHS LATER
ALSTON CHILDRENS MEET TODAY
UP AND OVER! MY WORD, PETER'S RIDING WELL. THE YOUNG BEGGAR WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THE ENERGY FOR THAT SIX MONTHS AGO!

JB

IS YOUR CHILD LIKE THIS?

DOES your child get tired easily, like Peter? Does he sit around at home instead of playing? If so, most probably he's outgrowing his strength — it happens so often, and these children are the first to go down with infections. They are not getting the extra nourishment they need for *growing*, as well as for work and play.

Horlick's regularly for supper, breakfast or "elevenses" gives children all the vital elements for growth and *extra* energy. Start straight away and watch your child grow fine and sturdy. He will love the flavour of Horlick's. It is economical, too — the milk is in it, just add water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S BUILDS SOLID FOUNDATIONS TO CHILDREN'S HEALTH

DOES YOUR SMILE REVEAL SPARKLING, WHITE TEETH?

Here is my secret!

Use this exclusive toothpaste that quickly removes the unsightly germ-laden 'bacteria-plaque' covering from the teeth and brings beauty to light!

KOLYNOS is entirely free from gritty abrasives or harmful bleaching action. It is different—and fulfils the requirements of modern Dental Science. If you want sparkling, white teeth and a clean, healthy mouth, buy a tube of KOLYNOS and start using it to-day.

JB

NOW 1/- (FORMERLY 1/6.)

NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9

Ask your Chemist for particulars of HANDSOME BATHROOM FITTING **FREE**

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

NEW AND NOVEL FLAVOUR!

NUTTALL'S RUMBOES

The "Good Companion" to Nuttall's Mintoes

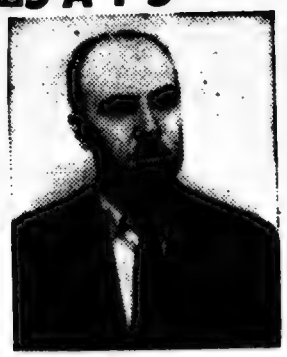
JB

YOU TOO CAN CURE RHEUMATISM

My patient has been taking URACE brand TABLETS as directed, and wishes me to say her Rheumatism has almost gone. She says they are like a tonic F. R——, District Nurse. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

JB

WHAT A SOLDIER-WRITER SAYS



Capt. Graham Hope, author of the play "No Way Back," the film success "A Taxi to Paradise," etc.

"I bought my Remington Portable at Rawalpindi, India, in 1925," writes Captain Graham Hope. "Since then it has been an inseparable companion to me, both as a soldier and a writer—travelling many thousands of miles in every conceivable form of transport from a railway train to a camel. It has weathered every climate, enduring temperatures from 115 degrees in the shade to zero. It has absorbed almost every foreign body known to the East—from tropical rain to desert sand—and seemed to like it. It particularly enjoyed, I think, a moth, which was lost in it in 1928 and was never seen again. It has only been overhauled twice, and although it is now nearing the end of a decade of constant use, it still seems good for many years to come."

REMINGTON

Remington Home Portable—assembled in Great Britain by British labour.

£9.9.0 cash or 10 monthly payments of £1.

Post off the coupon TO-DAY—for full particulars of the finest Home Portable ever made.

ALL WRITE WITH A REMINGTON

COUPON Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd. 100 Gracechurch St., London, E.C.3 Telephone: Mansion House 3333.

Please send, free, full particulars of the Remington Home Portable Typewriter.

Name .....

Address .....

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370 .....

JB

HERE'S HEALTH!

deKUYPER'S

HEART LABEL

HOLLANDS

SAVE MONEY and make better cigarettes with

AG PAPERS

FIT ALL MACHINES

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

RELATIVES frequently need help, but one's own home comes first—they must be taught to fend for themselves where possible

HOW TO ANSWER the Cadging Relative

I OFTEN wonder how some of our proverbs came to be coined. Take this familiar one—"You have to be cruel to be kind." At first sight it seems to be all wrong. Cruelty and kindness—why, they appear to be exact opposites.

And yet what a world of wisdom there is in that old proverb. What finer characters would have been formed if some people had been a little more cruel and a little less kind. I receive many letters to prove that contention, and among them is this one from a woman reader:

"I have always been interested in your page, so I wondered whether you could advise me? Firstly, I will explain that I have been married twenty years and have one dear little boy at school. I have the dearest man for a husband, who does everything he possibly can for us as far as a working man's wage will allow, so you will understand we ourselves are perfectly happy. The problem is this.

"I have two elderly sisters who have never seemed to be able to keep themselves properly. They go along for a little while, and then are in difficulties again, and for years we have had to come to the rescue. Now I am afraid our small savings have all gone.

"The worry is that trouble seems to be coming along again, and my husband has forbidden me to do any more. I admit, of course that he is quite right, and he has been splendid all the way through. Now what ought I to do?

"Try and let them have some money to save their home, which will mean our getting into debt and probably a quarrel with my husband, or stand by and do nothing and allow them to be stranded? I would add, in fairness to them, that it is *not* all their own fault, for they have been very unfortunate."

There are some people in the world who will never struggle for themselves so long as others will struggle for them. I am afraid these elderly sisters may be of that type.

My correspondent must remember that charity begins at home.

I would therefore make this suggestion. Let her see those sisters and explain the position quite frankly to them. "I have helped you," she might say, "until I can do so no longer. You must not expect any further financial assistance from me." Then try to discuss with them ways and means by which their position can be improved. See to what extent they can reduce expenditure and add to their income.

In a word, try to help them to help themselves. That is as far as my correspondent should go. Otherwise she would herself run into debt and her action might lead to a quarrel with her husband. That is a price she must not pay. And those sisters must not allow her to pay it.

IT is remarkable what a difference the receipt of a legacy can make. Here is a woman who has discovered how true that is:

"I am a married woman with two children left out of four. Owing to long spells of unemployment my husband earns very little, but through the kindness of my father, for whom I kept house, we managed to struggle along quite happily.

"When my father died five years ago he left me just enough money to buy the house we now live in. But then my happiness went, for as soon as they knew I had a little money my in-laws turned up in swarms after having left us severely alone through all the years of our struggle.

"Now, during illness and short time, they write and worry us, knowing of my husband's soft heart, and we have actually gone without lots of things to help them. The worst of them all is his mother. She has a comfortable income and boasts in her home town of the money she has coming in.

"And yet all her letters are cadging ones, and my husband always sends her something. When I said to her that the others ought to help, she replied, 'They don't live in their own house.' Of course, all this leads to constant rows in our home, and I find my health giving way under the strain.

"My one ambition has been to give my son a start in life, for recently he won a scholarship and now, at the age of eleven, is at the secondary school, but as soon as I save a little it goes to ma-in-law. Would it be right for me on my own to write to all the sisters and brothers and ask them to help their mother? My husband won't do so, for he says that if they can't see their duty he is not the one to tell them what it is."

I don't like the sound of this mother-in-law. It would be different if she were in actual need, but it seems to be sheer grasp on her part. And my correspondent's husband, too, is scarcely playing the game.

Consideration for one's parents is a fine trait in anybody's character. But it should never be practised at the expense of a wife and children. My reader should, however, be careful as to the action she takes. Already "constant rows" have disturbed the peace of her home.

FAR more serious trouble might develop if she adopts the suggestion she mentions of writing to the other members of the family. For this would be acting in direct opposition to her husband's wishes. I would advise this woman to make a direct approach to the two people who are causing her this trouble. Let her first of all make an appeal to her husband for fair play.

In a very frank and friendly way she should point out the needs of their own family. "Our boy," she can say, "is doing well at school and we must encourage him in every way. And it will be well worth saving to help him." Let her try to foster in him the same pride for his children as she herself has.

And this might be the second line of approach. My correspondent tells me her husband has a "soft heart." There is one way I think she can touch it. He is obviously fond of his mother. Instead of "running her down," as I fear has been the case, let her adopt a kinder attitude. Write her a letter occasionally, send her a little gift at Christmas and on her birthday. "But how can I do that after the way she has treated me?" I may be asked.

I admit it will not be easy. But everything worth having costs a price. And if it brings peace in her home and the co-operation of her husband it will be well worth while. By turning the other cheek you may get a nasty slap. It is just as possible you will get a tender caress. The risk is well worth taking.

There is nothing more disappointing in life than when kindness is deliberately abused. I can understand how bitter my next correspondent must feel:

'We have four children, the eldest aged sixteen and the youngest just six years old. The first eight years of our married life were happy and comfortable, for although my husband earns very little money working on the land we managed to make do as he also gets a small Army pension.

"Then came into our married life the first real worry. My sister had to get married, and my father begged me to let them come and live with us. In the end I gave in, as I wished to give them a good start in their married life. From the very first they quarrelled violently, and even the neighbours complained about their conduct.

"In the end he left my sister with a little girl, four years old, with not a penny in the world. Rather than turn her out, I promised her a good home if she would keep her part of the house clean. But I soon found out the cause of her ruined marriage, as she was dirty and wasteful. She draws 22s. a week from a separation order obtained from her husband, but will not buy clothes for herself or her child, and but for the things I give her goes about in filthy rags.

"My friends are beginning to leave me, for every time one comes to the house my sister always makes unpleasant scenes. I should add that I have been unwell for six years with nerve trouble, and during the last fortnight have been in bed with rheumatism.

"My sister brings up the food in a filthy condition, and the doctor says I must get someone in to look after me properly. This I can ill afford. I do not like to turn my sister out (for it would break her little girl's heart to leave me), but she is wrecking our happiness. Please tell me what I should do, for the terrible rows are also having a bad effect on the children."

IN my hospital life there are cases where recovery is retarded by some outside influence. I have heard many a specialist say: "Physically the patient is all right, but there is something on his mind and he'll never be better until he gets rid of it." I think that may be true of my correspondent.

Now the cause of her worry is her sister—the sister whom she befriended in the hour of trouble. It was a cynic who said, "Never expect gratitude in this world, for you'll be disappointed." There are undoubtedly instances where that is true. And this seems to be one of them.

I fear that strong measures will have to be taken in this case. I advise my correspondent to talk the matter over with her doctor. A straight talk from him might do that woman good and lead her to mend her ways. If it does not, she had better be told to find new quarters.

It may sound drastic to treat a sister in that way. My answer is that by her conduct she has forfeited all right to that relationship.

Send your private problems to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

RATIONAL TAILORING

"Hullo, who's the tailor?"

BOB : D'you like it?

TED : Looks the goods! Nice bit of cloth, too.

BOB : How much do you think I paid for it?

TED : I don't know—Five guineas? Six?

BOB : Fifty shillings—at The Fifty Shilling Tailors.

TED : Is that a fact?

BOB : Absolutely. I've bought my last three suits from them. And if they keep on delivering the goods I shall buy my next three from them, and the next three after that. I'm definitely sold on them.

TED : Well, d'you know—I've been playing about with the idea of going to them for some time, but always—I sort of feel that it can't be done for the money.

BOB : It can—believe me. At any rate The Fifty Shilling Tailors can do it. Two of my suits are fifty shilling suits—50/- no extras. And you've been thinking that I paid a good deal more for them haven't you?

TED : I shall have to try them. Are they "made-to-measure"?

BOB : Of course, you sap! what did you think?

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KEATING'S POWDER THE PROVED INSECTICIDE

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

Shock for the Bride!

THE bride has arrived. The murmur of ecstatic admiration that breaks out round her as she steps into the church sweeps down the aisle behind her as if it were a tide.

A great day this, perhaps the greatest in her life. On such an occasion of unalloyed happiness a minor mishap, even so small a thing as the dropping of a single white bloom from her bridal bouquet, would seem to be of immense significance.

Picture to yourself, then, what tragedy ensues when there is real drama at the altar, when the parson or even the bridegroom fails to put in an appearance, as happens twenty times a year; when the production by the best man of a furniture hire-purchase form instead of the necessary certificate to show that the banns have been called leads to a postponement, which was an actual happening at Doncaster recently; or, perhaps worst of all, when a clarion voice, calling "I forbid this marriage to take place," goes ringing through the church.

Fainting, hysterics, free fights, even the calling of the police, have been the accompaniments of not a few weddings. And always the most tragic figure in the church must be the drooping little woman in white whom we call the bride.

No woman will be able, without a thrill of horror, to imagine herself in the shoes of a bride who saw her whole world crumble away in a minute in a West Hendon church last week. She had motored away blissfully from the excited home where the cake was waiting, the presents laid out, and her trousseau ready, to find herself the central figure in a crowded church.

Alone . . .

At last the inevitable question: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and she found herself waiting for what she thought would be the equally inevitable reply of: "I will."

But instead there came a few seconds of ominous silence, a stammered effort to speak on the part of her groom, and then, like a bombshell, the words: "I can't. I *can't* say that."

The congregation, all her closest relatives and dearest friends in it, gasped with astonishment. Then they saw her draw herself up proudly, as if with a tremendous effort, and walk out of the church for her home—alone.

But worse even than that is the sudden appearance at the wedding ceremony of the wife of the bridegroom. It has happened more than once.

It happened most recently at Mortlake parish church last June, when a woman in the congregation jumped to her feet, and interrupted the service with the words: "You are my husband."

Vicar and bridegroom walked to the nearest police-station, where a charge of attempting to marry when his lawful wife was still alive was brought against the man. And as for the bride, she was led away weeping to view the wedding decorations that had become a sheer mockery.

Only two months before there was a similar happening in a London synagogue. The service was just reaching what should have been its happy climax when a woman went running up the aisle with a shout, repeated again and again of: "He's a married man."

There were explanations, expostulations, the production of papers. But the parties were told that the wedding could not proceed, and the fainting bride was led away by her groom.

But a few days later he made his appearance in the police-court at Leeds, where he was called on to explain why he hadn't maintained payments to his wife under a maintenance order.

Angry, obstinate or determined mothers—usually the mothers of the bridegrooms—are a frequent cause of sudden drama at the altar.

There was a case at Blackburn two years ago. The mother in that case actually set about her son's wife-to-be with her fists, and afterwards indulged in fisticuffs with a bridesmaid. While her son was leaving on his honeymoon, she was in the local police court hearing the magistrates fine her for assault.

Another mother waited for her great moment while her handsome, dark-haired son, who described himself as twenty-one, was standing at the altar with the girl of his choice, a pretty blonde who gave her age as twenty-three.

Drama at the altar . . . with what horror does the average girl contemplate it—a last minute refusal, and the world crumbles

The lost ring

The minister reached the words: "If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together let him now speak or else hereafter for ever hold his peace," and then looked round the church. The mother rose with the words: "I forbid this marriage to take place." The bride paled, gasped, and swooned in the arms of her bridegroom.

And then, the mother having alleged that the boy was under age, the wedding was off.

The best man is supposed to be the coolest and most business-like person at a wedding. But the mistakes made by some of them have led to some extraordinary scenes at the altar at times.

Visualise the scene at Dudley, Worcestershire, when the best man could not produce the ring at the crucial moment. He was confident he had put it on his own little finger for safety.

He was completely and thoroughly searched where he stood. Then, after he had gone to the vestry to strip, the whole wedding party joined in a search of the church with lighted tapers. After an hour's delay somebody had the bright idea of sending out for a second ring.

It arrived. The words "I will" were spoken. And then the best man made the dramatic discovery that he had put the ring in a small concealed pocket of his morning coat after all.

It was through the lapse of another best man that the register could not be signed at Swannington, Leicestershire.

The wedding party adjourned to a neighbouring restaurant, and there was a delay of hours between the first part and the second part of the ceremony.

At Croydon a best man produced a bone ring taken from the window-cord of the bridal car, having lost the gold one. It did all right.

But one best man, at Birmingham, made up for the lapses of a lot of others. Finding no parson waiting at the church he handed over his duties to somebody else and took the service himself. Fortunately he was a clergyman, the Rev. R. Gledhill.

What desperation forgetful ministers can cause was illustrated at Ramsbottom, where a wedding party that found the vicar absent inspected his bed at the vicarage, to find it hadn't been slept in. Feeling ill, he had gone to stay with friends, and they had forgotten to call him.

A scene, fortunately almost without precedent, was witnessed at St. Saviour's Church, Brockley Rise. While the vicar was walking towards the bridal couple the bridesmaids, who stood just behind them, began to quarrel fiercely as to which of them had the right to call herself "chief bridesmaid."

Angry words led to the threat of blows. Then, when the vicar intervened, pandemonium broke out. The police had to be called and, the vicar naturally declining to give the blessing at such a ceremony, the wedding party finished its war on the pavement outside.

And to this day the minister doesn't know whether there is such a role as that of "chief bridesmaid."

Yet although strange things happen at the church, still stranger ones occur in register offices. There have been prisoners as bridegrooms, with the police as witnesses. Frightened little girls allowed out of remand homes for the day have appeared as brides. There have been dying brides and bridegrooms brought in on stretchers.

Out of the cupboard

When a couple were marrying at the Town Hall, Bermondsey, two years ago a girl suddenly jumped out of a cupboard with a notebook in her hands. She had taken the responses down in shorthand. Detectives suddenly appeared and took the "happy pair" to the police station in a taxicab, and at subsequent police court proceedings a scheme for getting Frenchwomen admitted to this country by marrying them to Englishmen was laid bare.

At Hampstead register office two very nice young Indians appeared, obviously supremely happy at the prospect of marrying. The girl wrote a query mark after the word "spinster," and then explained that she was "given in marriage" as a baby away in India, although she believed no actual ceremony ever took place.

Through her candour, her chances of an English marriage were lost for ever, although the Registrar-General subsequently made tremendous efforts to get proof that no actual marriage ever took place.

Then a Glasgow man went a hundred miles to marry at Gretna, to be arrested by the police, who recognised him at the ceremony as a man who had driven a car on the pavement there six months before.

Drama at the altar . . . with what horror the average healthy girl who hopes to find a good husband contemplates it. Yet even at the best-managed weddings, with each party sure of the other, it may happen. Even at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the lights have been known to fail five minutes before the two parties to a fashionable wedding said "I will!"

ADORED BY FIFTY MILLION WOMEN

There are in the world three men who are not film stars or matinée idols, but who are, nevertheless, adored by fifty million women.

Ellen Wilkinson tells the fascinating story of these "love crazes" in this week's issue of *Passing Show*, which is packed with irresistible features. There are brilliant short stories and illustrations, a four-page fun section, real life adventures, special articles for women, a new Will Scott serial, all the best of reading by the brightest writers.

Passing Show, printed in photogravure, is great value for twopence

EASY RUNNING

"So you're thinking of buying a car, Jack?"

"Why, yes, Dad. What do you think?"

"I've no objection, my boy. There's room in the garage. But I'm afraid you'd have to mend your ways a little. Oh, I know you are going to buy it outright out of the money you made on that special job. But how are you going to run it?"

"You mean tax, insurance, repairs and so on?"

"Exactly. But I don't think that need bother you if you will pull your socks up a bit. You know Jack, you do fritter away a good bit of money. You don't get the best out of all you earn."

"But how are you going to run it?"

"Yes, Dad, I suppose you're right. Money seems to burn a hole in my pocket. It's just a bad habit."

"You've hit it. And the best way to kill a bad habit is to let a good one take its place."

"What's your suggestion?"

"Simply this. That before you buy a car you work out just how much it will cost you apart from everyday running costs. Insurance for instance will cost about £10 a year. I don't suppose you'll buy anything bigger than a 10 h.p. job and that means you'll pay up to £7 10s. 0d. tax. That's £17 10s. 0d. You've got to remember that tyres wear out—you ought to allow about £2 10s. 0d. a year for those. And although you may be able to do your own decarbonising and brake relining, you can't dodge repair bills all the time. But unless you are unlucky they shouldn't come to more than £5 or £6 a year."

"Rather disconcerting."

"That's £26 altogether. Why that's only ten bob a week."

"That's my point. It *is* only ten bob a week—if you save it every week. But if you *don't* save—well, a sudden demand for a £10 insurance premium is rather disconcerting. You see my idea now?"

"Rather. You mean I should put 10/- a week away somewhere to meet the big items when they crop up. A jolly good idea, Dad."

"I think so. And if you take my tip you will put the money in Everybody's Bank—the Post Office Savings Bank. Make a point of doing it every Friday. Then, when your insurance or tax falls due for renewal, all you have to do is to fill in a withdrawal form. You will get your repayment warrant by return of post or you can have what they call a Crossed Warrant which you can send through the post like a cheque. And when you do need new tyres, a new battery, or some expensive repairs—well, it won't be a matter of pulling a long face and skimping for weeks. There isn't much fun in motoring when you have to do that."

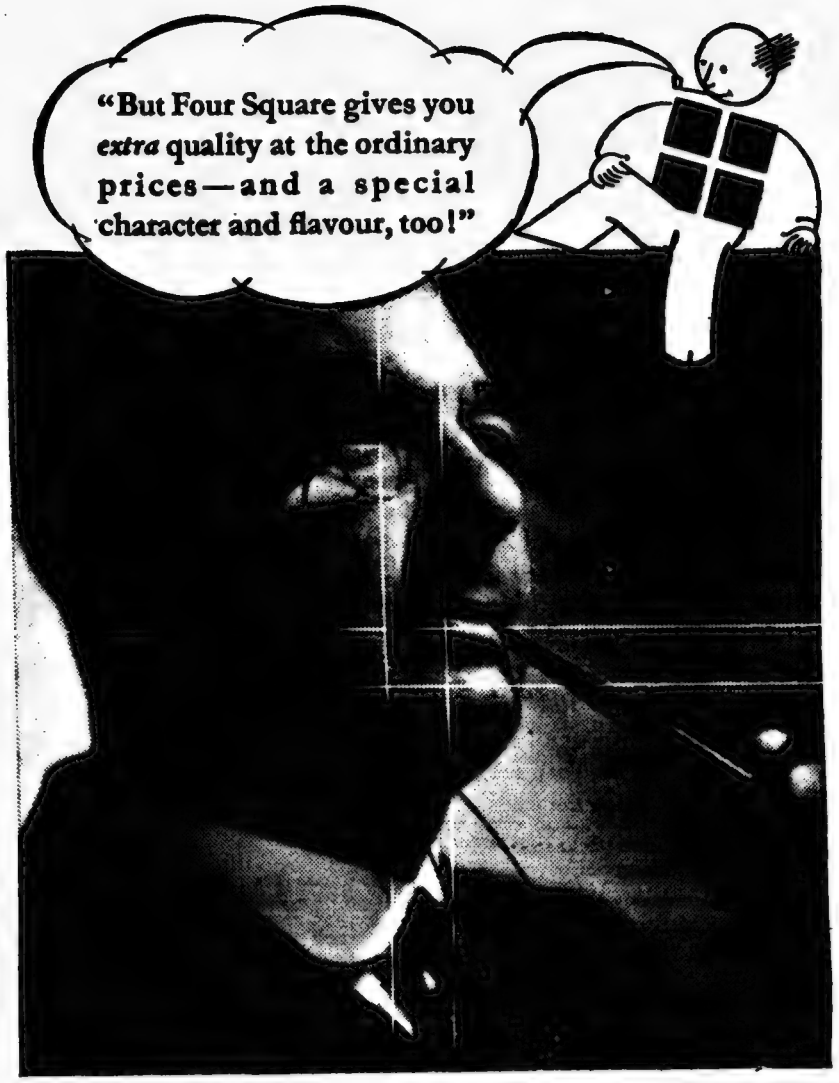
"You are absolutely right, Dad. I'll hop round to the Post Office to open that account with Everybody's Bank right away."

"Good man—and to-morrow we'll go and have a look at some of those bargains you've marked. By the way, ask at the Post Office for a Savings Bank Information Booklet. It tells you about Travellers' Warrants and a lot of other facilities you'll find very useful."

EVERYBODY'S BANK

THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK

I put Quality before Price!



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Curlies *(Purple Squares)* ... 10½d. Original Mixture *(Blue Squares)* 1/2½d.
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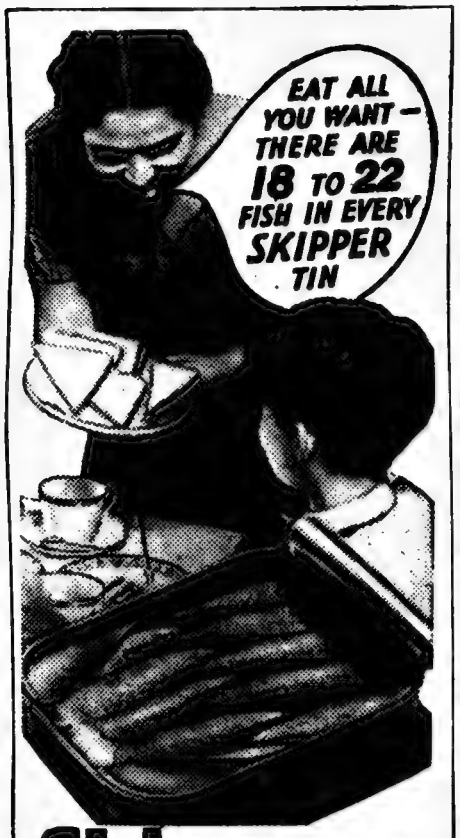

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Slenderness is hers because she has learned the golden rule of a nightly dose of Bile Beans. These fine vegetable pills break up surplus fat residue and eliminate daily all waste from the system. They promote sound digestion and keep the blood-stream pure.

So, why not 'slim while you sleep' and keep gloriously fit and well by taking Bile Beans regularly at bedtime?

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

A DESPICABLE PENSIONS THREAT—

FIVE Terrible Years *for* Old People

UNLESS in the course of this year Parliament amends the law relating to old-age pensions many thousands of elderly unemployed people will become the immediate victims of one of the meanest injustices ever perpetrated by a British Government.

About 500,000, it is estimated, will be affected in the course of a few years. And the shadow of the wrong will darken the eventide of these working men and women who have passed the age of sixty. They, too, will suffer if they have the misfortune to be unemployed.

Persons who contribute to National Health Insurance have been entitled under the Acts of 1925 and 1929 to special old-age pensions advantages. As a return for their insurance payments over the years they qualified for the pension at the age of sixty-five instead of at seventy.

In a very large number of cases this was the chief return for twenty or more years' weekly insurance payments. The Acts stipulated that if insured workers over sixty became unemployed before they reached sixty-five they remained in benefit without further contributions until such time as they found employment, if they had been continuously insured for ten years.

They need only take their books to the employment exchange to have them franked. Under the National Government's Insurance Act of 1932, which took effect last year, the elderly unemployed remain in benefit until the end of this year. After that they must pay their weekly health stamps out of their own pockets.

Defrauded

If they fail to find the money they are debarred from receiving health services and from their right to claim the old-age pension when they reach the qualifying age. It does not matter how long they have paid their contributions or how little they have drawn out.

They will be kicked out of the scheme, defrauded, their savings confiscated. A thrifty worker might have supported National Health Insurance since its inception in 1912. He might never have gone sick. He might never have attended the doctor.

At sixty-two he is fired from his job to make way for a younger and stronger man. With 3,000,000 surplus workers, most of them under fifty, on the labour market, he cannot find an opening. His contributions fall in arrears.

The old-age pension which he counted on receiving in three summers slips five years further away. He turns his face to the workhouse.

Every trade union office in the country has sheaves of letters telling heart-break stories of this wrong. Mr. J. W. Banfield, M.P., of the Bakers' Union, who has raised the matter in Parliament, has shown JOHN BULL several of these letters.

All lost

One man just under sixty lost his job in a bakehouse. He was eager and fit to work and looked everywhere for it. But there were younger men just as eager and a bit more fit. At the beginning of 1934 he was told by his approved society that he was in arrears of 18s. with his National Health Insurance. He paid up out of his almost vanished savings.

He received no further notice until recently, when he was told that he was no longer insured and that if he wished to remain in benefit he would have to become a voluntary contributor. This was impossible, for he was now on the rates. He had lost everything he had paid in insurance as well as his right to a pension at sixty-five.

What will be the position of those elderly unemployed workers at the end of this year who have to pay their own National Health and pensions contributions?

It costs up to 1s. 6d. a week to become a voluntary contributor. That is an impossible sum for an elderly person left to the tender mercies of the Public Assistance Committee.

If he is at the age of fifty-eight or sixty when he loses his job, his chances of finding new employment between then and sixty-five are remote. The 1932 Act means for the majority of these people, estimated by Labour Party critics at 106,000 (a figure which has not been contradicted in Parliament, although it has been questioned), six to twelve years on the rates before they can grasp their meagre reward of 10s. a week for long service to the community.

Evasive

It also means that a weight of anxiety has been placed on all the older workers who are contributing to National Health Insurance.

If they fall out of work and are unable to pay voluntarily they, too, will be deprived of the pension benefits for which some of them have paid for over twenty years.

Six months ago the Minister of Health was asked if the Government, as a first step, intended to introduce legislation before the end of the year, to prevent the period of grace for those over sixty expiring.

He replied that he was waiting for a report from the Ministry of Health actuaries and hoped shortly to make a statement.

No statement was forthcoming. Later the question was repeated. Again the same reply. Last week the whole question of National Health benefits was debated in the House. Mr. Shakespeare, Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Health, replying for the Government, made an ambiguous reference to pensions, actually speaking of the period of grace for a section of insured persons as having "safeguarded" the rights of the whole!

A promise was made to "mitigate" the hardships to persons deprived of their pension rights, but the scope of the legislation "must of course depend on the report of the actuary." "Mitigate" may mean anything as a promise by the present Government.

We insist that actuarial considerations be entirely ignored.

It is a wicked thing that fully insured workers should be deprived of their pension rights because unemployment has overtaken them at the same time as old age, and that whether or not this injustice is removed should depend on the figures of the Government's own actuaries.

There are already too many hard anomalies affecting old-age pensioners. For example, a cobbler over sixty who had paid Health Insurance for fifty years and had never drawn a copper on it became unemployed two years ago.

No excuse

Rather than go on the dole he started working on his own account. He became ineligible for insurance. Now, at sixty-five, he is refused his pension. He must wait till he is seventy.

The wives of insured men are entitled to the old-age pension along with their husbands, provided they also are sixty-five.

If they are younger than their husbands—and most wives are—they must wait until sixty-five before their share is paid.

This is a great hardship on thousands of elderly couples. In a number of industries men are almost automatically discharged when they reach sixty-five. That means that husband and wife must try to live on 10s. a week until the wife is sixty-five, perhaps five or even ten years later.

There are other no less serious anomalies. To add one more, as will happen if the Government continues in its present actuarial mood, will be a scandal for which there can be no shadow of justification.

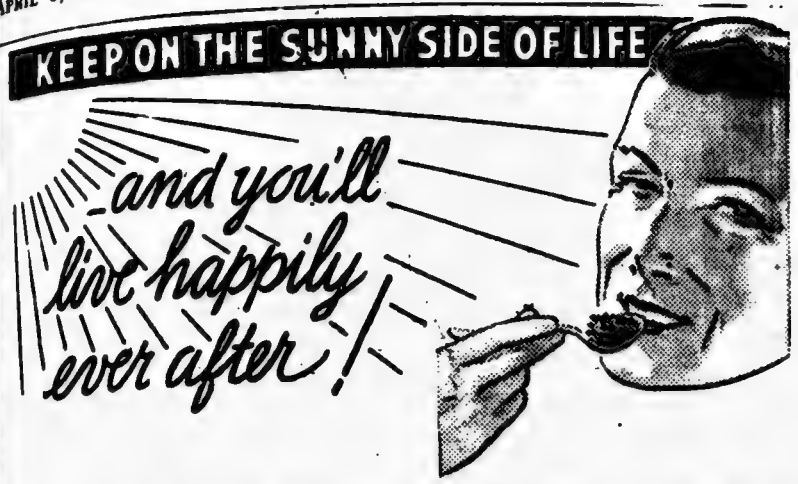
SHOULD SHE TELL?

Should the famous mother of a famous daughter tell the great general public all she knows about her child?

You will agree that it can be charmingly done when you have read what Stage Star Dorothy Dickson has to say about Film Star Dorothy Hyson in the current issue of *The Picturegoer*, the magazine for movie fans.

This sparkling number is packed with features that have no equal in screen journalism, plus, of course, all the news from the studios at home and abroad.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



Do you often feel tired, depressed and miserable — as though life were not worth living? That's not your *real* self. It is a condition usually caused by common constipation. Get those wastes and poisons out of your body without the use of pills or drugs and you'll be as happy as the day is long. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily with cold milk or cream and you'll soon be as regular as Nature intended. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" not found in ordinary diet. This "bulk" exercises the intestinal tract and so corrects the tendency to constipation. In addition Kellogg's ALL-BRAN contains iron that purifies the blood. Life will be different when you start eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—sold by all grocers. No cooking required.

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Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION
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Give your teeth a treat

Brush your teeth every morning and evening with Euthymol Tooth Paste, and know the joys of always having a clean fresh mouth. Euthymol kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds and keeps the teeth beautifully white and clean.

Your chemist sells large 1s. 3d. tubes, or a week's supply is yours for the asking.

FREE OFFER
Write to Dept. 67/72, Euthymol, 50 Beak St., London, W.1, for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

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TOOTH PASTE

Add
Nestlé's Milk *to*
cornflakes
for greater nourishment

Don't let your
LIVER
let you down..

Lack of vitality and a "muddy" complexion are caused by Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness and Headaches, which are the result of a sluggish liver. Dr. Scott's Brand Bilious & Liver Pills, famous for over 100 years, will soon put you right. Their action is very mild and completely harmless. Send a 1½d. stamp to cover postage on your free sample to W. Lambert & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 11), 258, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

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In boxes 1/3 and 3/- (Treble Quantity)
No proprietary right claimed in method of manufacture

"I was **TIRED-OUT** *and heavy on my feet . . .*

—My best years seemed over

Now I feel stronger and happier than ever in my life before"

" I've had a hard life — what with work and worry and rearing the children. And, a few years ago, just after my eldest girl got married, I started to feel tired-out and 'old' and weak. I was heavy on my feet, too — my best years seemed over.

" My nerves got tired, too, so I felt depressed. I didn't seem to be much use to anybody.

What nurse said to me

" Then a nurse at one of the London hospitals, who is six months older than me, and still as full of life and 'go' as ever she was — gave me a good talking to. She said it was silly for people of my age to put up with feeling tired-out. 'No woman need feel tired-out or weak while she's under eighty,' nurse said.

Secret of her happiness

" Nurse told me the secret of her own strength and health was the way doctor made her take Hall's Wine whenever she was tired-out. Next day I bought a bottle of Hall's Wine, too. The very first wineglassful seemed to pour new life into me. Taking Hall's Wine regularly three times a day, I've got all my old strength back, full of life just like I used to be."—Mrs. E. W., London.

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GIBBS

'SCO'

A correction relating to the recent Sample offer appears on page 2.

It's ALL in the Prison Library

A ROOM in the gate-house of Maidstone Jail has just been turned into a little school in which there is only one pupil—a blind man recently sentenced to years of imprisonment.

A merciful Home Office, knowing the torture a prisoner suffers if he is never allowed to read, is permitting him to learn Braille so that he can read the special books in the prison library.

The prison library . . . ! How many people reading this phrase imagine it to mean anything but a shelf whereon repose a few old-fashioned books with a highly moral tone which the average prisoner will never want to read.

They cannot imagine prisoners being allowed to read of love, coral islands, deeds of daring, and all the things that thrill people who can enjoy books in the quiet of their own homes. They little realise what changes have taken place in the last few years in the official attitude towards reading by prisoners.

Prison libraries

The days when a prisoner had to content himself with a tattered, thumb-worn Bible only have gone.

On the day of his reception a prisoner is supplied with a Bible, the hymn and prayer book of his particular denomination, and one book of an educational nature from the prison library. These educational works, which include books of travel and biography, and works of standard fiction, such as the novels of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, he can renew weekly.

After the first eight weeks he receives, in addition, one volume of modern fiction, and, after a further six weeks, two educational books and two of modern fiction. The books are changed by the library staff, who, on a particular day of the week, visit each cell carrying a large basket of books from which the exchanges are made.

What books he shall have rests entirely with this staff, whose only guidance is his age and religion as given on the card affixed outside his cell. Each prisoner, however, is provided with a slate on which he can ask for any particular book he desires, and although it is most unlikely that the volume will be in the basket on the day of call, a note will be made of the request and the desired book issued on the following week's change.

At the end of three months, prisoners are given the privilege of personally attending at the library, either at midday or in the evening, on one day each week, when they can choose their own volumes from the heavily laden shelves. After a further period of three months they may visit the library on any weekday to take away as many as half a dozen at a time—better facilities even than they have at most public libraries.

20,000 books

The questions obviously asked are—How are the libraries stocked and how are they staffed? The London prisons, and the larger ones in the provinces, have anything from 10,000 to 20,000 volumes in circulation, while the smaller prisons have libraries in proportion to their average population.

Prisoners naturally prefer a wide choice to ornamental bindings, so the plan of making bulk purchases of books each year from the circulating libraries—either surplus copies or volumes which are no longer in great demand—has been adopted. Last year, under this scheme, the Commissioners acquired 8,000 volumes—naturally many of them duplicated, but that is of no consequence.

The books are sent by the libraries to Wormwood Scrubs, which is regarded as the head prison library for the whole service, where they are sorted out and distributed amongst the prisons in accordance with the Commissioners' instructions, and in proportion to the average population.

The basket in which books are carried round to the cells. This privileged prisoner is allowed to visit the library.

The 8,000 volumes include about 4,000 books of modern fiction, 3,000 of an educational nature, and 1,000 dealing with technical subjects, such as wireless, motors, aviation and various trades. And as there are 39 prisons in England and Wales, including six Borstal institutions, the task of distribution is not an easy one.

In addition to this annual purchase, an allowance is made to each prison for the purpose of buying bound half-yearly volumes, fiction and general interest magazines, which prove very popular among men who find that in their early weeks they cannot concentrate on a long book.

Then a very large number of books is received each year by individual prisoners, any of whom can have books sent in by his friends. They are allowed to have these in lieu of the official issue, but not in addition, and when they have read them they are put into general circulation.

Even the poor prisoner has cheap editions sent in, while the more wealthy prisoner—and there are many such in these days—frequently receives the latest fiction and educational books.

It is often possible to see books in prison as soon as they are reviewed, because of this system!

Then a generous public helps to keep the prison library well stocked. It is not uncommon for a governor to receive a hamper of a hundred books or more, which are soon catalogued by the library staff for issue.

This staff is composed, so far as possible, of the better educated type of prisoner, professional men who have made a mistake in life, but yet are able to do good work by helping their less gifted fellows to spend some of their time wisely and profitably. They are well read themselves, and between them can speak several languages, which is essential as so many foreigners are received into prison from time to time.

The work of this staff also consists of repairing books, pasting in loose pages, rebinding where necessary, and generally keeping the books in a fit condition for circulation. They distribute, too, the large number of weekly papers sent in for prisoners, but only if the authorities feel such journals will help prisoners to keep in touch with their trades or callings.

These papers are returned weekly to the library, and, if of sufficient general and permanent interest, are bound by the staff into quarterly or half-yearly volumes.

But what of the small but rapidly decreasing number of prisoners unable to read? For their use scrap books in which are pasted pictures of interesting events clipped from the weekly illustrated papers are issued.

Mention must be made of the foreign library maintained at the prisons. The larger prisons have copies of the Bible in nearly every known language, and a generous selection of fiction in the more frequently used languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Russian—in addition to a few volumes in the less common ones. If no books are available at a particular prison in a language used by a new prisoner, the librarian knows at what other prison such a book can be obtained, and no time is lost to meet the deficiency.

Nor is the blind prisoner forgotten. Books in Braille are got on the shortest possible notice.

There is also at work the Prisoners' Education Committee, with offices in Bedford Row, which keeps a very wide selection of expensive books on educational subjects. These are distributed amongst the different prisons, each of which has a catalogue of the many thousands of volumes comprised. Any prisoner has access to the catalogue, and to get a particular volume, even if not in stock by his own library, is easy.

The work of a prison librarian has its humorous side, as well as its serious one.

"Please leave me another book by Hodder and Stoughton," wrote one man on his cell slate. "I like books by Anonymous," wrote another. Still another requested "Something with a kick in it, and no love."

It is quite commonplace for a man to give a very brief outline of a plot he has heard and ask the librarian to supply the book—usually an impossibility.

Then there was the Italian who returned his Bible one day and said he had read "that Book," and could he have another? It was difficult to impress on him that it was for daily use throughout his term.

Their first time

What type of book is most in demand?

Fiction appeals to men during the first few weeks, but gradually they acquire a taste for something deeper. Travel books are very much in demand, also volumes on the Great War, in which so many of them took part. Biography follows a close third, while history and political economy are also sought after. Essays and poetry are not the choice of the average prisoner, though the demand for books on religious subjects is very wide.

It must be remembered that probably half of the prisoners have never read a book in their lives before being sentenced, except such as they had to do at school. The treasures of literature have proved an eye-opener to many such as these, who normally looked upon books as something for the educated and upper classes only, never realising the delights and pleasures they were missing.

Many of them say that when they are discharged they will keep up the reading habit, which has proved such a great comfort and help in these days of adversity. Experience shows that they often do, and benefit accordingly, which is what makes H.M. Prisons' Own Library Service well worth while.

GREASY SKIN CURED

AMAZING NEW FACE POWDER

No need to suffer any longer from shiny nose or excess skin grease. This new amazing Face Powder, Staymat, will end greasy skin troubles forever.

It is the result of Helen Marion's years of study to discover why flowers, though full of oil, never show shine. Through that work a marvellous flower extract has been impregnated with Peroxide and worked into Staymat Face Powder.

STAYMAT FACE POWDER WORKS IN A NEW WAY

Staymat limits the discharge of skin grease as a Rose controls its supply of perfume oil. Staymat makes non-shiny any grease which does reach the surface just as a flower combines its oil with petal bloom and stays matt. Staymat also contains Magnesia (at last in toilet form) to counteract the acidity which causes a skin to be too greasy.

STAYMAT

POWDER FOR GREASY SKINS 6° 1'3 & 2'

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£800 every month TO BE WON!

What would YOU say?

First prize **£500** : Second prize **£150**

Third prize **£50** : **200 prizes of 10/-**

Cheques will be posted to prize winners on May 17th

If Ralph Lynn had said to you *"Pass me that Nestlé's Chocolate!"*—how would you have replied? You see what Winifred Shotter said—now, what would you have said? That's all you have to do in this month's Nestlé's Milk Chocolate Competition. We all admire ready wit. Here's an opportunity to show yours—and of winning £500 in this month's Nestlé's Chocolate Competition! One piece of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate tastes so good that it simply calls for another . . . and another . . . until there's only the wrapper left! And you'll need that to enter for the Competition! *This month's competition closes on April 30th.*

NESTLÉ'S chocolate

NOTICE: *The latest date for exchanging Nestlé's Free Gift Coupons is 30th June next. All applications for Free Gifts should be sent in before that date, when the Free Gift Scheme terminates.*

★ HOW TO WIN ★

1 Nestlé's will award a first prize of £500 to the competitor who submits the most suitable reply (of not more than twelve words) to Ralph Lynn's remark. To the competitor who submits the next most suitable reply, a second prize of £150 will be awarded, and to the third, a prize of £50. 10/- each will be awarded to 200 competitors, whose attempts range next in suitability.

2 You may send in any number of entries for each monthly competition, each entry to be accompanied by the front of wrapper from either :—
One ¼-lb. block
or : Two ¼-lb. blocks
or : Four 2-oz. blocks
of Nestlé's Milk Chocolate.

3 All entries will be individually considered by a panel of expert judges. No correspondence can be entered into and the expert judges' awards must be accepted as final and legally binding. No employees of Nestlé's or any associated company may enter. Nestlé's reserve the right to use any phrase submitted.

4 After filling in the reply space, *cut out the whole advertisement*, and post with wrapper in a sealed envelope to Number 1. Competition, Nestlé's, Silverthorne Road, Battersea, S.W.8, not later than April 30th. Write clearly in pencil, illegible entries will be disqualified. Cheques will be posted to prizewinners on May 17th. The names of the winners of the First, Second and Third Prizes will be published in the Press on May 18th & 19th.

Don't cut this coupon. Post complete advt.

I agree to abide by rules of competition.

Please write in BLOCK *letters.*

10 6.4.35

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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FALSE TEETH held firmly with KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

IN POCKET SPRINKLER TINS — 1/3 OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people

FREE TRIAL: Send name and address Kolynos (Dept. F22), Cheales St., W.C.1

ADRIENNE AMES'

Beauty Secret

ADRIENNE AMES, who is now making her British Film debut in B.I.P.'s Abdul Hamid, writes:—"An essential part of a Star's stock-in-trade is a perfect complexion. In my search for a preparation which will guard the skin against the ravishes of studio lights I have discovered Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. I cannot speak too highly of this delightful preparation. It stimulates the complexion and gives that freshness and lasting velvety finish which is so much desired."

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In popular shades everywhere.

1/-

Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM is the new ideal cream rouge for use in combination with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You really must try them both. Apply the cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for sixpence everywhere.

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POWDER-CREAM

DON'T SUFFER THE TORTURES of CONSTIPATION

Don't suffer the tortures of constipation because you dread the terrible irritating after-effects of old-fashioned laxatives, which almost invariably become habit forming. Try a Feen-a-mint, the modern laxative! Feen-a-mint will banish the most stubborn constipation easily and naturally, in a few hours, without any unpleasant after-effects. Constipation is dangerous because it is not only the cause of biliousness, sick headaches, sluggishness, bad complexion, but it clogs and poisons the system, making you vulnerable to countless other, more serious complaints. Let Feen-a-mint be your guard against constipation and all its dangers. 1/3 a box from all Chemists. *Your money back if not completely satisfied*, or, for a *free sample* send 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. G.20), 15, Thames House, Westminster. S.W.1.—Advt.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

A FREE OFFER

A generous sample and Free Booklet describing an excellent remedy for all leg troubles and kindred ailments are offered on the back cover. Fill in and Send the Coupon!

Old Stories *that* NEVER Die

STORED away in the public mind there are all sorts of fiction stories which are produced as true happenings from time to time, whereupon they go sweeping round the country gaining just as wide a measure of credence as when they were first told twenty, fifty or even a hundred years ago.

You may have read or heard about two bewhiskered old specimens that have made their reappearance in the last fortnight, even if you have not heard them from the lips of somebody who says: "I positively know the person it happened to."

There is the story of the girl and the hypodermic syringe, for instance. If recent reports are all true at least a hundred girls have suddenly swooned away recently while sitting in or leaving kinemas. Fortunately in every case the white-slave traffickers who stuck doped needles in their arms were just prevented in the nick of time from carrying out their nefarious plans.

A Public Morality Council actually swallowed that yarn. A wide section of the kinema trade, which should recognise a good story when it sees one, was bluffed into issuing a warning ten days ago to theatre managers.

"I know the person it happened to . . ." he's telling one of the old stories that never die

Trousers riddle

Actually Scotland Yard has been hearing of this nefarious business for sixty years or more without ever making an arrest. But as the white-slave traffickers have never yet landed a victim, and the medical profession alleges, anyhow, that no known drug injected through a syringe could produce instantaneous unconsciousness, the black-hearted villains concerned must have thrown away a great deal of money to no purpose.

The second revival of the last fortnight is of the trouser story, which is better known to railwaymen than to the police.

The story always begins with a young man taking his girl into the country for the day. They sit on a hillock to await the train that is to take them home and, sinking at last into the comfort of the railway carriage, the young man makes the awkward discovery that the hillock was really an ant-hill and that thousands of the insects have got into his clothing.

He retires from the carriage with the observation that he will be back in a moment. But the moment becomes an hour, two hours maybe, and the girl, going to investigate, makes the staggering discovery that he was shaking his trousers out of the carriage window when they were whisked away by the wind.

But his misfortunes are not ended yet. When the train reaches Victoria, Charing Cross, London Bridge, or whatever station figures in the particular version, the girl makes a dramatic dash for new garments for her friend, only to find, on returning to the train, that it has pulled out again, taking her sweetheart, trouserless and disconsolate, to some distant part of the kingdom.

Thousands of people in the West End of London alone are telling that story just now as true. They have rung up newspaper offices about it. But when the stories are compared it can be seen that if all of them are true the main lines of Britain must be thick with trousers at the moment!

There are hundreds of such stories which crop up from time to time and which no amount of denial will kill. Always there are thousands of tellers who "know the person concerned."

There must be very few people who have never heard of a girl who went into the local branch of a chain store and bought a sixpenny string of beads, and how she was stopped and asked by an expert: "How ever did you come to get such magnificent specimens? They're worth every penny of £20,000."

It is older than any chain store! But if every story of this particular firm were true, it would have sold for a few pounds pearls that would have cost as much as the Chancellor will budget for shortly.

Then there is the hardy annual of the sedate old family man with grown-up daughters who found himself confronted in the train with a vixen woman. She started to disarrange her hair, the story runs, telling him that unless he paid her £10 before the train reached the next station she would give him in charge for molestation, a charge no man in his position could afford to face.

Look at my ash!

He smiled a cold, calculating smile. The next station reached, he allowed the woman to tell her story. Then, with an air of triumph, he drew attention to his cigar. There was two inches of white ash poised on it, ready to fall if he moved an inch, silent evidence of the fact that he could not have participated in any struggle.

"They took her away and if I remember right she got five years," the story concludes.

If there ever was such a woman she has long got over the shock of her prison experiences, for the story was told of the Stockton and Darlington railway roughly a hundred years ago and has been revived at almost yearly intervals since of every other line!

A "great jewel case" has recently been wired from Vienna as having happened there. Well, it has happened in every town in Britain at one time or another, according to people who "know the man concerned."

He is supposed to have gone into a jeweller's shop and paid a cheque for a diamond ring. Then, obeying some strange impulse, he have entered another shop near and sold it at half the price.

Seeing a name on the box, jeweller No. 2 went to jeweller No. 1 and said "I have just bought this. Isn't it one of yours?" They compared prices. They were satisfied from that that the cheque must be a dud one and went round to tell the police, the man's hotel proprietor and a few others.

Then they handed in the cheque—*and it was met.* And the man got ten times more for defamation of character and wrongful arrest than he lost on the transaction!

There is one pure fiction which the authorities controlling various amateur games have never been able to kill. It is that when the players return to the dressing-room they find money stuffed in their ordinary boots. Tens of thousands of people will give you the name of the player who showed them the notes!

Another persistent one is the story of the cripple who has been provided with crutches, or the old man down on his luck got into a cottage home, by the collection of millions of used tram tickets. A dastardly story that, seeing that it has cost the lives of children knocked down while picking tickets off the roads.

Angels of Mons

The "Angels of Mons" story was a fiction that still persists as truth. Arthur Machen, the veteran novelist and journalist, tried his hardest to show that this child of his imagination was never founded on fact, but thousands of ex-soldiers really believe they saw the angels in the hour of crisis, and are certainly not lying.

Then how many soldiers talk about the Mad Major? If there is any semblance of truth at all in that, it is curious that when a national daily paper invited personal evidence from its readers the letters showed that he was in thirty-seven different places spread over seven different battlefronts at one time, during which he was commanding a submarine, firing a howitzer, leading a charge, piloting an aeroplane and, among other things, mixing with Germans in their own front line disguised as a Prussian guardsman.

To-day, just as for centuries past, children are being stolen by gipsies in the next village. It is always the next village. Yet there are few recorded cases of gipsies stealing children.

Such stories as these, which die down only to crop up again, can be multiplied a hundredfold.

Why are they told? Not for any ulterior motive, in most cases, but simply because a good story is a good story, and people enjoy telling it, even if they have to say "I know the man quite well myself" as a seal on its veracity.

They are stories that invite repetition—and so they never die.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"I am covered with cuts and CRUISES."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"Every penny NIECE subscribed goes to assist the work."

ILFORD INTELLIGENCE MONTHLY:—"During the night the chemist's CAR took a flying leap at a mouse."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH:—"The outstanding feature was the goal-SCORNING of ——."

TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS (Bradford):—"Both vehicles were overturned and the milk reduced to a heap of SPLINTERED DEBRIS."

WESTERN GUARDIAN:—"The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the Mayor and Aldermen for their attendance, and a similar COMPLAINT to the Chairman for presiding."

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

Many people blame fate for dull and dingy—unattractive teeth. What a mistake! Fate does not dull your teeth—but food, drink and tobacco do. Everything that passes your lips leaves its mark on your teeth.

Surprising as it seems, your daily diet leaves seven different kinds of stains on the teeth. Most tooth-pastes, because they have only one cleansing action, fail to remove all these stains, for all stains simply will not yield to any one action.

Colgate's cleans teeth completely—gets off every stain—because it has TWO cleansing actions. First, an *emulsive* action, that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a safe, gentle *polishing* action that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left. What a difference those two cleansing actions can make. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH
1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets.
2. Starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
3. Beverages. 6. Vegetables.
7. Tobacco smoke.

Abolish old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeper and replace with an effortless up-to-date vacuum cleaner.

Turn to page 27. The Coupon will bring fuller particulars

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

TROCADERO Shoulder-cape Costume in a superfine coloured fleck Suiting Tweed with small birds-eye check weave. Cut in the latest fashionable style with handsome cape and machine stitched stand up collar and square revers. Fitted with good quality leather belt, and lined with Art. Silk to tone. The skirt is cut in plain wrap-round style, with 3-button fastening, and mounted on strong petersham waistband. Shades: Stone, Fawn, Brown, & Blue Mixtures. Sizes: 5.5 W. to O.S. Skirt Length: 32 to 36in. Terms 5/- Monthly. Price **35/-**

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

5/- Monthly

AFTER EFFECTS

INFLUENZA

Mr. A. Smith, 4, Chapel St., Ruthergien, near Glasgow, writes:—"Following a bad attack of Influenza which confined me to the house for nine months owing to Heart Weakness, I was not allowed out, owing to the danger. I was like this for two years. A few months ago, I was advised to try Vitadatio, and am pleased to say that I derived very great benefit. I can now eat and sleep well, am able to be out all day and not afraid to get out alone."

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The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney, and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles for export only, post free.

From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Post this coupon to BENSONS for FULL DETAILS OF SPECIAL OFFER OF SOLID SILVER TIMEKEEPERS

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WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS SINCE 1749
62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL
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Please send me, post free, the illustrated Catalogue(s) I have indicated, together with full particulars of your "Times" System of Monthly Payments.

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Cut Here *Cut Here*

Either model is your property

Benson's Solid Silver Wrist Watch *No. 8541H £3.3.0, or yours for 3/- down and 5/- monthly. Crocodile, Suede or Pig-skin Strap with Silver buckle.*

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Benson's Solid Silver "City" Watch or Solid Silver Wrist Watch is your property for a reduced payment of 3/- with order! Both are fine timekeepers. Both are fitted with jewelled lever movements. Both carry Benson's written guarantee of accuracy. After first small payment, balance of cash price (£3.3.0 for either model) is payable in 12 reduced monthly sums of 5/-. No interest. Post coupon above NOW for FREE Pocket Watch or Wrist Watch Catalogue and Special Order Forms for these REDUCED MONTHLY TERMS.

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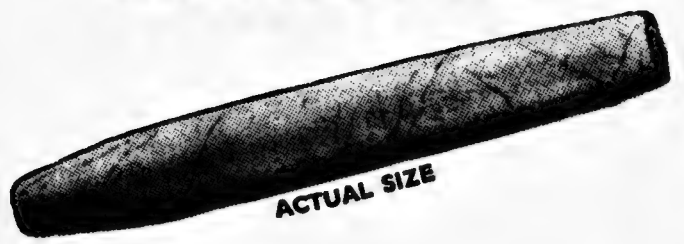
POST COUPON ABOVE FOR FULL PARTICULARS

WILLS'S WHIFFS



There can be no better proof of their quality than the wonderful popularity which WILLS'S WHIFFS enjoy. Of a fine Havana flavour, they are cool and mild in smoking, and the cost is very moderate.

Cartons of 3 . . . 6D.
" " 6 . . . 1/-
Flat tins of 12 . . . 2/-

W.W. 12

INDIGESTION is Not Necessary

Many sufferers believe that indigestion is unavoidable. While it is true that modern life, with its rush and worry, places a tremendous strain on the digestion, it is positively not necessary to accept indigestion as inevitable.

Modern medical science has worked wonders in relieving suffering, and indigestion is easily avoided by taking 'Milk of Magnesia.'

For stomach troubles: indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue and nausea there is no finer remedy than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous—instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Be careful to ask for '*MILK* of Magnesia.' There is nothing "just as good."

1/3 per bottle. 2/6 treble size.
Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. In Handy Tin — Compact and Thin. 1/- per box — also family size bottle 2/-; of all chemists

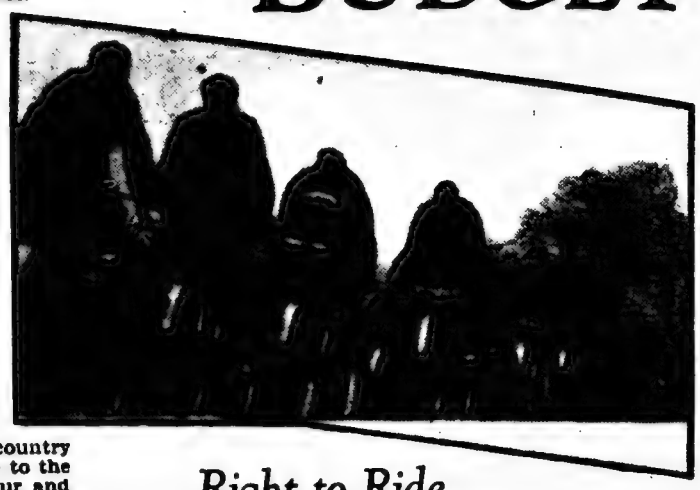
'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

DRINK HOT WATER TO CLEAR SKIN

One of the best ways of keeping the complexion clear and fresh and the skin free from blemish is to drink plenty of hot water. Blotchiness, spots, pimples and other skin defects are sure indications that the blood-stream is polluted by impurities which ought to be eliminated by the liver and kidneys. To make certain that these organs function properly and keep your blood free from impurities you should drink, every morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate added If all those with sallow skin, liver spots, pimples, rashes or pallid complexions would get a supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate costing but two shillings from any chemist, they will soon have a clear, healthy skin and look and feel brighter and better in every way.

BUDGET TAX I'd Like to See



THERE are two million of them; some have grown old, bitter. Others work and wait patiently for the Sir Galahad who never comes.

Most of them will wait on, for young men of to-day who could afford to marry prefer bachelordom, with its undoubted advantages, to the responsibility of rearing a family.

The future of the Empire is apparently no concern of theirs; sufficient that leisure brings its diversions — posterity can go hang!

For all bachelors who have more than three pounds a week, and health — there should be a tax, and a big tax, too.—*Mrs. Molly, Roker.*

Kill It

A stinging, crushing tax on blood "sports."

That men, women and even country parsons can hound a wild creature to the cruel end of a mangled mess of fur and blood, and call it sport, is nauseating, to say the least. I consider it only right that they should be hurt in return, in their pockets, anyway.

That foxes are destructive is a mere quibble—so are rats—but it would not be "county" to be seen at a rat hunt!

Let the master of the hunt collect a prohibitive tax from the members and hound this foul "sport" to death.—*R. P., West Hartlepool.*

Dawn Melody

They wake me up at half past three;
They scream and moan and howl at me.
A Budget tax I'd like to see
On cats.

My garden's furrowed with their tracks;
They scratch my seeds while I relax.
Please, Mr. Chancellor, put a tax
On cats.

R. W. T., Sutton.

Serious Menace

I would like to see a heavy tax on powder, lipstick and rouge.

The modern generation of women seems inclined to look upon beauty as an artificial commodity which can be purchased in 6d. jars, or extracted at will from box and bowl.

Science is, in fact, becoming a serious menace to the lovely natural English complexion once the whole world envied, and in its place is rapidly producing a standardised mask of uninteresting similarity.—*H. M. B., Knowle.*

Down with Slums

I would like to see a heavy Budget tax on all slum property, unless the owners agreed to spend at least 50 per cent. of the income derived from such dwellings on repairs and renovations.

I venture to assert that were such a law passed, many houses, at present a deadly menace to the health of their inmates, would, in the course of a few years, become really fit for habitation.—*N. A. D., Bath.*

Right to Ride

As a keen cyclist, I would welcome a tax of 2s. 6d. a year on every bicycle.

It would, at least, give us the right to use the road, and no longer should we hear the motorists' plaintive: "Why should we have to pay for the cyclists' pleasures; they don't pay and they're a menace to speed."

Cyclists create more work in different spheres of industry, than any other mechanical commodity produced, so why not give us the right to that bit of road which belongs to every cyclist?—*F. P., Long Eaton.*

Licence for Birds

A considerable sum to be paid as a licence for keeping caged birds would, perhaps, prevent many of these poor little creatures being kept in captivity.

Many are cooped up in small cages, exposed to extremes of cold and heat, and often left dirty and half-starved, instead of being able to use their wings for the purpose for which God made them.

Especially would I heavily tax all cages of less than a certain size, so that if caged birds are kept their confinement would be at least a little less irksome and cruel.—*Mrs. C., Liss.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, April 9.

My Speed Limit Hint to Mr. Belisha

Easily Obtained

Receipting a £2 bill, I have to affix a 2d. stamp. Extend this tax to all financial transactions on a graduated scale. Thus, the winner of £100 on the Turf would pay more than the humble shopkeeper selling food, and a firm selling a £100 piano would pay more via stamps than the tailor selling a £2 suit.

It's a strange anomaly that the workman buying his humble ounce of "twist" tobacco has to pay 6d. to Revenue, while the buyer and seller of a £20 evening gown pay 2d. stamp duty on the transaction between them. Such a tax would need no collectors—stamps are easily obtained from any post office.—"*Dryad,*" *Lancs.*

True Perspective

A heavy tax on all "perpetuity" pensions; they are an anachronism to-day. Is there any logical reason why the descendants of one who won a battle long ago, or hid fugitive Royalty in a tree hundreds of years ago, should be handed a goodly sum annually?

When so many dependants of brave men who fought in the Great War are on the poverty line—the "perpetuity" pension is seen in its true perspective.

We owe a lot to the heroes of the past, but we shouldn't be expected to owe it for ever.—*R. W., Nottingham.*

Pass them Over

It has always struck me as an injustice to God and the common people that huge tracts of beautiful land, estates covering many thousands of acres, should remain the playground of the privileged few.

To me it is as fantastically unjust as writing "Private Property" across the skies, or embedding those hateful words on the waves of every ocean.

I should, therefore, like to see a tremendously heavy tax imposed on estates of large acreage, which are used for private pleasure purposes, in order to persuade their owners to pass them over to the nation for reasonably small compensation.—*G. C. F., W.C.1.*

Double-edged Opportunity

Thousands of British seafarers are at present standing idle while their places are filled by "coolies," working for a lower rate of pay.

Surely here lies a double-edged opportunity for the Chancellor. Why not a substantial tax on every "coolie" employed on a British ship?

Not only would this deter shipowners from employing such labour, thereby greatly reducing the unemployment figures, but also where shipowners persisted in this practice the proceeds accruing could be used to assist our own sailors during their enforced idleness.—*G. B. K., Liverpool.*

Armament Firms

I would like to see all dividends paid by private armament firms taxed treble the amount that other dividends are taxed.

That people should make money out of weapons of death seems to me monstrous. No doubt that by taxing these dividends treble, thousands of investors would keep clear of investing their money in these concerns, and the time would soon come when they would have to close down and the Government take over.

Then the electors would have some say in the matter.—"*Pacifist,*" *Yeovil.*

* * *

There ought to be a very heavy tax on those "column-dodgers" who acquired prosperity during the war, while over a million of their fellow-countrymen died in their defence.—*C. P. S., S.E.18.*

I would like to see the Chancellor tax heavily those stupidly inane revels of that fraternity so inappropriately named the "Bright Young Things."—"*Veredene,*" *Glos.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on April 6

INTERNATIONAL.

SCOTLAND v. England, at Hampden Park, Glasgow.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Huddersfield.
(2) PORTSMOUTH v. Villa.
(3) Wednesday v. Hotspur.
(4) STOKE v. Grimsby.
(5) W.B. Albion v. Sunderland.
**(6) ARSENAL v Chelsea.
**(7) BIRMINGHAM v. Preston.
(8) BLACKBURN v Wolverhampton.
(9) Leeds v Leicester.
(10) LIVERPOOL v. Derby.
(11) MANCHESTER C. v. Everton.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) NEWCASTLE v. Notts.
(2) NORWICH v. Southampton.
(3) FOREST v. Manchester U.
(4) Plymouth v. Bolton.
**(5) WEST HAM v. Bradford C.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Sheffield U.
(7) BRADFORD v. Oldham.
**(8) BRENTFORD v. Swansea.
(9) BURY v. Barnsley.
(10) FULHAM v. Burnley.
(11) HULL v. Port Vale.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) MILLWALL v. Aldershot.
(2) Newport v. Q.P. Rangers.
(3) NORTHAMPTON v. Bristol R.
**(4) READING v. Southend.
(5) WATFORD v. C. Palace.
(6) Boscombe v. CHARLTON.
(7) BRISTOL C. v. Swindon.
(8) ORIENT v. Brighton.
*(9) COVENTRY v. Cardiff.
(10) EXETER v. Torquay.
(11) GILLINGHAM v. Luton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) TRANMERE v. Crewe.
(2) WALSALL v. Darlington.
(3) Wrexham v. Stockport.
(4) Barrow v. CHESTER.
(5) CARLISLE v. Southport.
*(6) CHESTERFIELD v. York.
*(7) HALIFAX v. Gateshead.
(8) LINCOLN v. Hartlepools.
(9) MANSFIELD v. New Brighton.
(10) ROTHERHAM v. Accrington.
(11) Rochdale v. DONCASTER.

Owing to the Scottish International, there will be no first division matches in the Scottish League.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—6 (*H*); Div. II.—5 (*H*); Southern Section—6 (*A*); Northern Section—1 (*H*) would indicate Arsenal, West Ham, Charlton and Tranmere

Girls!..I've found a New Kind of Face Powder!

Yes, a really *new* kind of powder—one that not only keeps ugly shine off my nose, but actually stays on for at least eight hours at a time. It is called the new "Matt Finish" Poudre Tokalon, and the manufacturers say that the reason is because it is blended with double Mousse of Cream. Anyway, I *do* know that it makes my complexion softer and lovelier than ever before. Men admire me more. Some of them even rave about my peach-bloom complexion, which everyone believes is perfectly natural. This new Poudre Tokalon is so clinging that it will not come off even when I am out in wind or rain or if I perspire. I simply apply it in the morning and never powder again all day long no matter where I go or what I do. 6d. and 1/- a box.

RECORD 'X.L.' BARGAIN BALE

MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC

Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect.

Special to "John Bull" readers this week. Read the guaranteed Contents—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 80 in. x 90 in.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 54 in. x 72 in.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 58 in. x 70 in.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask Tablecloth, 58 x 58 in. with newest style coloured borders, gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Taupe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 90 in. x 100 in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 in. x 44 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 in. x 36 in., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.
1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish size 11½ in.
1 Lady's Full-size Overall or Blouse.

20/- CASH or C.O.D.

BALE COMPLETE Carriage Paid 20/-

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 5s., Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc. Handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Real and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Whitney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

SPECIAL OFFER—
2 Carpets, 2 Rugs & 2 Doormats for 20/- Carriage Paid Cash or C.O.D.

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

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Enough is as good as a feast with MASON'S O.K. SAUCE
6d per bottle
Family Size 9d
nearly double
Another delicacy MASON'S MUSTARD SAUCE

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AMAZING RELIEF

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Free Sample from "Nestroline" J.26. Clifton, Bristol.

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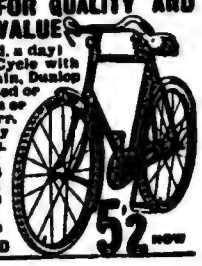

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Ladies, here is your opportunity to secure two lovely frocks at a truly amazing price. Owing to the colossal demand that will be made for these frocks, 3 to 4 days will be required for delivery. Orders will be despatched in strict rotation, so that *the sooner you send, the sooner your bargains will reach you.*

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No. EY/5731. Ladies' Marocain Frock, Princess Skirt, turned up print cuff and print vest to tone, pleated frill. SHADES: Moss, Wine, Brown, Black or Lido. Please state colour required.

One size only. Bust 38 *in. Hips* 42 *in. Length* 48 *in.* **5/-**

EY/5730

No. EY/5730. Uncrushable Art. Silk Print. Flowered design, puff sleeve, cowl neck, pleating on side of cowl to tone, finished with 3 *fancy buttons. In ground shades of Lido, Wine, Brown, Navy or Black. Please state colour required.*

One size only. Bust 38 *in. Hips* 42 *in. Length* 48 *in.* **5/-**

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"... It is a veritable gold mine of information for backers. Its 160 pages contain practically everything that a backer wants—rules, ready reckoner, racing fixtures, records, diary, and so on."—*Empire News.*

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THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

SID (Bognor).—"I don't envy millionaires a tiny bit." So you envy them a lot?

F. J. (Portsmouth).—"The lighthouse-keeper has the world's worst job." Yet he greets everything with a beam.

E. S. (Colchester).—"Roll on the Cricket Season!" It would surely be better to do it on the pitch?

P. N. (Grendon).—"If anything is troubling me I just sleep on it." But what if the trouble is a lumpy mattress?

A. N. (Southsea).—"He attacked me because he said I had shone my headlights in his eyes." Your error. A glaring one.

C. H. S. (Margate).—"Despite all my efforts to do so, I cannot manage to look as smartly turned out as the woman next door." The credit is hers.

R. B. (Luton).—"Can you give me a proper sentence which does not contain a verb?" Yes; thirty days without the option.

F. S. (Bury).—"A very wealthy man has asked me to dig his garden next week; I wonder what I shall get?" Tired, probably?

G. F. (Henley).—"Why not use a big naval gun to start the Boat Race?" Because there is no need to give the spectators a start, too.

M. S. (Stoke).—"While in the country I came across a young kangaroo, too tired to hop along, and miles from its circus." Out of bounds!

Miss N. (Leyland).—"The modern woman weighs her words before she speaks." And she never gives short weight.

S. H. (Bedford).—"I've put all my money into the manufacture of musical instruments." That's a sound investment.

GOLFER (Canterbury).—"I'll never forget the time I drove off a ball with a mighty swing and nearly killed my caddie." With shock?

G. V. (Piccadilly).—"What with pedestrian lanes and direction arrows pointing all ways, a motorist simply cannot help doing something wrong." He doesn't get a chance to go straight.

T. R. (Hull).—"I discovered that paint had been dripping from the tins on the shelf into my fowl corn." Then your hens should lay ready-made Easter eggs this year.

H. L. (Framlingham).—"I read of an Australian baritone who can hold a note for ten minutes." He's lucky; before half that time is gone with us, somebody comes along with a bill!

GARDENER (Dulwich).—"I broke my lawn-mower three times before I discovered that the damage was caused by a runner from a neighbour's tree." You got at the root of the trouble.

DENTIST (Kensington).—"I am employed by the Government and never get any trouble with my income-tax, as it is deducted quarterly from my salary cheque." A painless extraction.

GARDENER (Mitcham).—"I've decided to have my own water supply for the garden this year, so I've dug a deep hole and am now bricking the sides; the job's nearly finished." You're doing well.

MEDICO (Banbury).—"If you can't eat your meals, either discharge the cook or go away for a while." If the cook happens to be truculent, it may be wiser to do both.

MOTHER (Weymouth).—"If my little boy wants to go one way and I insist on going another, he will scream and lie stiff on the pavement. What can I do?" Give him something to make him sit up.

CHARWOMAN (Bethnal Green).—"Two years ago the management were so dissatisfied with the work that they engaged a complete new staff of cleaners." They made a sweeping change.

S. G. (Millom).—"Valuable jewellery that was stolen from a mansion whilst the local police force held their annual card party and social has not been traced." So the thieves caught them napping and led them a dance.

L. H. (Colchester).—"When I returned home I found my small son was absolutely brown through using my sunray apparatus, which I had forbidden him to touch." So he really didn't need the tanning you gave him!

EDITH (Westerham).—"I had hoped that by now my young man would have done something big in the business world, but he's still a billposter after six years." Don't give up hoping—he's a sticker, anyway.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

D. E. (Cardiff).—"The new football recruit must learn the exact moment to pass the ball." The spectators will tell him that all right.

THE KID

HOPEFUL (Hull).—"Can two live as cheaply as one?" Yes, separately.

W. N. (East Ham).—"What makes a girl lose her complexion?" Rain.

S. W. (Dover).—"The Hawaiian ukulele is not Hawaiian." Nevertheless, Hawaii has always had the blame.

BUSINESS MAN (City).—"Both my office charwomen are ardent prohibitionists." We've heard of dry cleaners before.

Miss B. F. (Farnwell).—"I think a child's greatest weakness is its love for ice-cream." It certainly takes some licking.

L. R. (Leeds).—"Making a single plan and sticking to it will enable any man to succeed." Architects will not agree with you.

D. G. (Surbiton).—"The modern chorus girl has to be efficient in many things." And in practically nothing, sometimes.

W. T. (Morton).—"My wife has a most maddening trick of breaking into my conversation and spoiling the most carefully prepared speeches." Same old story.

G. L. (Exeter).—"Brilliant men are often bald." Shining examples.

E. M. (Margate).—"What is the remedy for song-plugging?" Ear-plugging.

HISTORIAN (Chester).—"I am always looking backwards." Because your future depends on it.

J. L. (Streatham).—"What is more beneficial than vitamins A and B?" Vitamins L. s. and d.

NOVICE (Oxford).—"I had the greatest difficulty with the wallpaper while decorating the living-room." You could not get the hang of it?

B. N. (Exeter).—"I found the after-effects of the 'flu most depressing." Our doctor's bill wasn't very cheerful, either.

J. M. (Eltham).—"To make my little boy take his medicine, I made up a fairy story about it." And did he swallow it?

J. H. (Leeds).—"I have invented a bowler hat which raises itself mechanically." The latest in spring headwear?

COUNCILLOR (Winklesea).—"We are importing more sand in readiness for the coming season." Beach of promise, eh?

MOTHER (Ealing).—"I am continually telling my husband about smoking too much. I am certain it causes shortness of breath." It certainly makes one puff.

TOM (Motherwell).—"Through my wife asking me to go out and chop logs, I have developed a cough." A hacking cough, we suppose?

STATISTICIAN (Carlisle).—"The great majority of coalmen hail from Glasgow." Then they can hardly expect prospective customers in London to hear them.

TEN (Newmarket).—"By merely waving his arms about a racecourse tic-tac can make over £20 a week." His is a flourishing career.

TYRO (Sutton).—"How can I join a golf-club?" Place the two broken ends together, apply glue, and bind with stout thread.

A. G. (Derby).—"He is extremely unpopular, and nobody was sorry when he got a ducking while skating on a frozen pond." Even the ice couldn't bear him.

BOXER (Bethnal Green).—"I looked at my opponent, measured my distance, let fly with my left, and the fight was finished." It sounds as if you gave him the once-over.

PUZZLED (Harrow).—"Although most millionaires say that they would be happier without money, they never give it all away." They do not like to make others unhappy.

G. M. S. (Runcorn).—"How long does it take to build a house of the three-bedroom type?" Win the Ideal Home finally offered on pages 46 and 47 this week, and you can move in at Midsummer; your £3,000 and Car will be in your hands by Jubilee Day.

B. F. (Crockenwell).—"I went to one of the big stores when I was in London and told the shopwalker that I had a complaint." And he referred you to the drug department?

OPTIMIST (Peacehaven).—"Never despair. Somewhere above the clouds the sun is shining." Yes, and somewhere below the sea there's solid bottom, but that doesn't help a man when he falls overboard.

A. F. (Dewsbury).—"I am rather worried about my little boy. He does not make any headway at school; he has been in the same class for three years. I am constantly wondering what he will be when he leaves school." An old man.

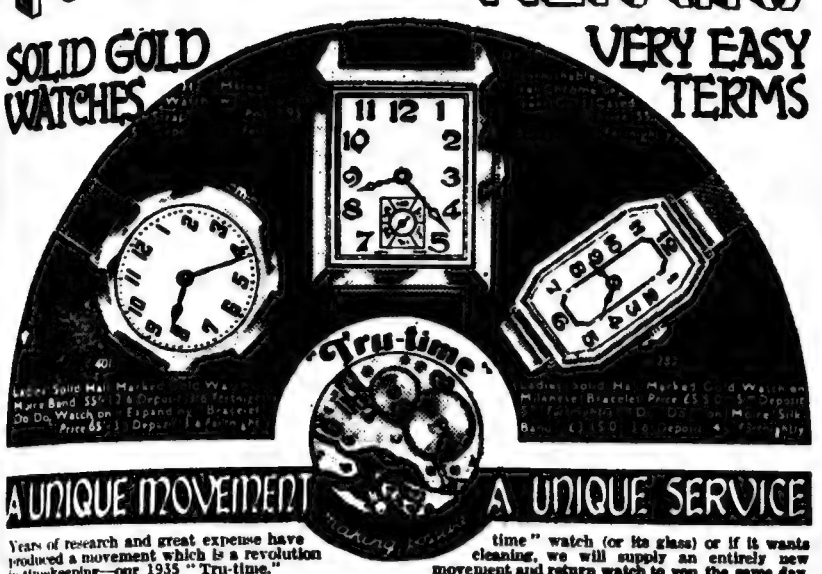
G. N. (Clapham).—"When I entered the dining-room I found a burglar in the act of purloining the silver. When I asked him what he was doing, do you know what he said?" "At your service, sir."

DRESSMAKER (Saltdean).—"Although I had forgotten to pleat the dress she wasn't even annoyed, but put the dress on there and then and declared she liked it better without frills." She remained quite unruffled?

(Solemn replies unavoidable.) *fold over*

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR REPAIRS

SOLID GOLD WATCHES — VERY EASY TERMS



A UNIQUE MOVEMENT — A UNIQUE SERVICE

Years of research and great expense have produced a movement which is a revolution in timekeeping—our 1935 "Tru-time." Its features are unique and our long experience enables us to proclaim this fine mechanism a masterpiece of scientific construction.

The new "Tru-time" deals automatically with changes in temperature and adjusts itself to varying positions without loss of a split second. Months of exhaustive tests have convinced us that we can now give a remarkable and epoch-making Service Agreement (sent with every "Tru-time" watch).

We don't just tell you this. With every watch we give you a straightforward and comprehensive Service Agreement, guaranteeing watch against all defects and breakages for 2 years.

If you have the misfortune to break your "Tru-time" watch (or its glass) or if it wants cleaning, we will supply an entirely new movement and return watch to you the same day. Avoid costly repairs (not covered by the usual guarantee) and the irritation of being without your watch for three or four weeks while being repaired.

"Tru-time" watches are housed in cases worthy of so fine a mechanism—Cases that are dust and damp proof—Cases that will stand up to years of hard wear.

We illustrate three popular models which can be bought Cash or Easy Terms. There are, of course, many other Gold, Rolled Gold, and Silver Chrome Models, illustrations of which will be sent on request. We also specialise in Fine Diamond, Platinum and Gold Rings, for which Easy Terms are also available.

Send P.C. for Catalogue.

W. CUTHBERTSON LTD., 4, GREVILLE ST., Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.1.

HUGE PENSION PRIZE AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT!

Result of Crossword Competition No. 298.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:

Mrs. A. WERRES, High Street, Hadlow, Kent,

who, *subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive £2 Weekly for Life and £500, or one lump sum of £900.*

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 16, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order Number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 58 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 14s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries in our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the winner of the First Prize and each of the 58 Runners-up will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a handsome wrist-watch.

Surprise Awards were won by 443 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

Turn to Page 44 NOW for this week's "John Bull" X-word Contest in which a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) must be won with other handsome prizes for runners-up.

GARDENERS!

FERTILISE NOW—

and See Results in 10 DAYS

NINE out of ten soils lack sufficient vital organic nitrogen to ensure perfect growth. But whether your soil is sandy, stony, of poor texture or lacking in richness, SANGRAL, which is over 80 per cent. soluble, can make it rich and productive.

Sangral releases more vital organic nitrogen than ANY other fertiliser, and, moreover, can prove it in 10 DAYS, for your garden will take on a NEW lease of life.

Sangral is dissolved in water and applied while you water. Nitrification takes place in SIX HOURS, then feeding commences immediately. Within 10 days the difference in your flowers, fruit, vegetables, or lawn will astound you.

Sangral contains NO CHEMICALS and is absolutely SAFE even for the most delicate seedling. Sangral is very economical in use, clean and effective. Now being used by experts the world over.

MAKE THIS TEN-DAY TEST FOR 6d.

Test Sangral in your garden this week by treating a portion of your garden. Mark out the area carefully and feed the rest of the bed with ANY other fertiliser. Leave for 10 DAYS and SEE the difference. More SANGRAL has touched. Send 6d. (in stamps) NOW and you'll be proud of your garden next week.

Write to LASCO, LTD., 105, CARRUTHERS ST., LIVERPOOL

SANGRAL

the Ten-day Fertiliser

Sold Everywhere. 1/6 & 3/- tins.

FREE Write for the 96-page helpful book with hints on fertilising by Richard Sudell, F.I.L.A., A.R.H.S. It is a mine of information for garden lovers. A p.c. will do.

Salts

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," *writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued.* **Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff.** *Also my hair, which was growing grey, resumed its natural colour."*

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

quickly stops hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Gets rid of scurf and quickens slow growth.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53.BH.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If you haven't cycled for years... see how easy Raleigh have made it!

DON'T judge cycling by your experience of years ago. Don't think that cycling to-day is the hard work it was. Raleigh have altered all that. For the Raleigh is designed to make cycling easy—to make cycling a pleasure rather than a *strenuous* form of exercise. The design of a Raleigh has been scientifically planned so that the maximum power is obtained with the minimum of effort.

If you've given up cycling because it was hard work you'll take to it again because of its effortless pleasure—once you have tried a Raleigh. For a Raleigh is the sweetest running bicycle made. GUARANTEED FOR EVER.

FROM £4 : 19 : 6 Cash or 10/- monthly (no deposit), fitted with Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, 20/- extra. Send post-card for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh" and name and address of nearest dealer.

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS..

The history of Raleigh is the history of cycling. Raleigh have always been FIRST with every improvement—improvements which set the pace for the cycle industry. You'll always be ahead of other cyclists if you ride a Raleigh.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM. (Depots and Agents everywhere.)

Fit the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear—the gear that makes cycling easy

INCREASED NEW 3-IN-1

PENSION, CASH and RADIOGRAM PRIZE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

...or Huge Lump Sum of £900

Plus

£500 CASH and

34 GN. PYE 8-VALVE MILLIONAIRE'S RADIOGRAM

Complete with Automatic Record Changer, this superb All-mains instrument gives equal delight to ear and eye and "Pye" reliability makes it perfection.

★ SHOULD FIRST PRIZE BE SHARED, THE RADIOGRAM GOES TO SHARER WHOSE SQUARE ADJOINING WINNING SOLUTION CONTAINS FEWEST ERRORS

£100 Between all Runners-up

BONUS AWARD VALUE—A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope. £2

• UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of Solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.

TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24

YET again this week our huge Crossword Pension-plus-Fortune Prize has been won outright; as announced on page 43, this 68th competitor to beat all other entrants is **Mrs. A. Weekes, High Street, Hadlow, Kent.**

She has won £2 weekly for life with £500, or a lump sum of £900; a similar staggering award is offered this week, when our Compiler starts his fourth century of "John Bull" problems.

To this 2-in-1 prize, moreover, "John Bull" will add a Millionaire's Radiogram, the luxurious 34-guinea "Pye" instrument which pours out glorious reproduction of radio or records according to your bidding.

Runners-up will divide £100 and Crossword Season Tickets value £2 each will be distributed as announced. See that your squares are in by Thursday, April 11, or you will miss a place amongst the winners.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. The winner will also receive a 34-guinea All-mains "Pye" Radiogram. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two six-penny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale, Thursday, April 18, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 25.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 301—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APR. 11, 1935

J B 301

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

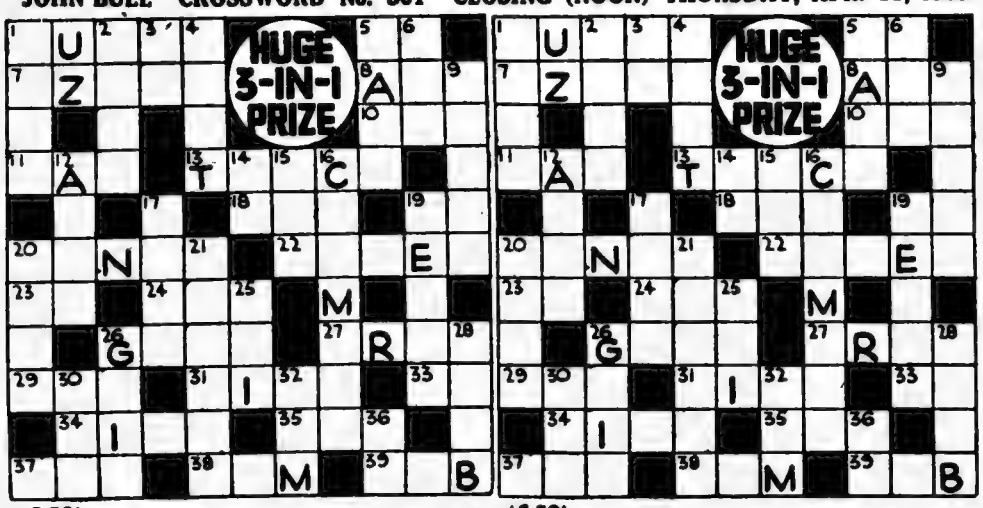
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 301—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APR. 11, 1935



J B 301

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra Entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 301, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Free Help for X-Word Entrants.

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

Solution—X-Word No. 299.

Winners in Crossword No. 298 appear on page 43. Winners in Crossword No. 299 will be published next week. The Solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 299 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

J.B.299

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions

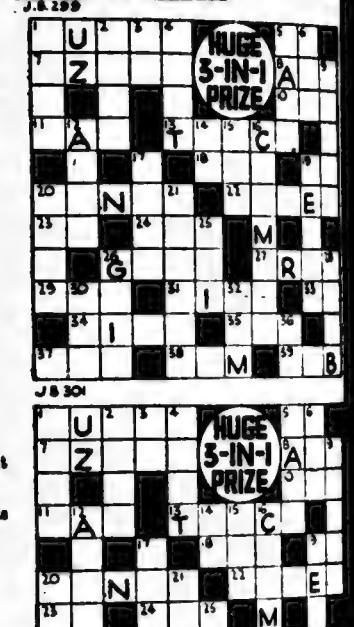
STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Lights went out when wires did this
5. Pet without a tail
7. Something that's free at the seaside
8. It's part of artist and he lives for it
10. It drinks petrol and eats miles
11. Once round the track
13. Gullible fellow gets caught by swindler in this
18. Meaning everybody
19. He got his seat by standing
20. Sounds like two fivers—and he sings
22. Insurance company does well on good ones
23. And so say all of——
24. Signifies landlord has found a tenant
26. New driver finds changing this difficult
27. What boasters do—and a game
29. Lend one to good advice
31. It's worth ten cents
33. Beginning and end of liar
34. Is usually seen in wood
35. Many cups of tea are served from it
37. Low pay and hard work make one feel this
38. Provides us with something warming
39. Fighter can usually land one

DOWN

1. Often kicks when put into harness
2. Can be bought in tablet form
3. Hen without a head
4. The bigger it is, the harder it is to get straight
5. Ace is part of this
6. Number of years form one
9. They are carefully arranged for innocents abroad
12. Darwin traced man's descent through these
14. Letters artist hopes for
15. You need a doctor if you're this
16. This rose will cover a trellis
17. Doesn't leave you money in pocket
19. Often gained from scrap
20. Is hummed through by thousands daily
21. Examining this issue makes you one
25. This prefix means three
26. Chop is grilled on one
28. This may be game
30. Animal resembling man
32. Mother's often called—and keeps
36. Short for New Jersey



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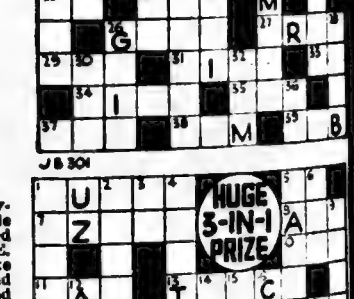
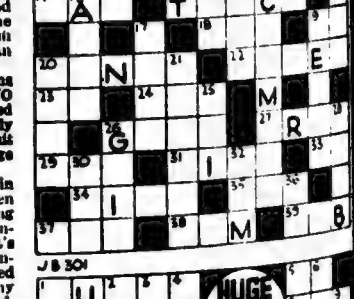


J B 301



J B 301

JB 301

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE. A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition or "John Bull" winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the Newsagent's prize will be divided between sharers.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, April 11, 1935.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 25, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 7, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100 or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Dr. Singha Brand Asthma Cure

QUICKER
SAFER
SURER
CHEAPER

ENDS AGONISING ASTHMATIC ATTACKS *INSTANTLY!*

ASTHMA SUFFERERS CANNOT AFFORD TO EXPERIMENT

From every corner of the World Asthma sufferers hail this great specific as the only remedy that quickly does banish Asthma. SPECIALISTS endorse its efficacy, leading DOCTORS report remarkable cures, and experienced CHEMISTS enthusiastically recommend it.

BE SAFE. Test the Dr. Singha (Brand) Asthma Cure and you will prove its powers remarkable because its formula contains elements that are essential for efficacy yet are omitted from many formulas because of the cost. The ingredients are the purest and highest standard obtainable and can be relied upon to be perfectly safe—perfectly harmless. Sold at all good Chemists. 1/6 (9 tablets), 3/-, 5/-, 12/- and 20/-.

If any difficulty in obtaining write to

THE DR. SINGHA CO. LTD.
(Dept. JA 15), CAERNARVON, G.B.

TRY IT FREE

A generous trial packet with booklet and hundreds of testimonials sent free by return if you enclose 3d. for postage and packing.

SEND TO-DAY—YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

TERRIBLE PAINS AFTER EATING

To have terrible pain after every meal; to dread eating for fear of the inevitable indigestion; to be in fact a confirmed stomach sufferer—such was the unhappy lot of Mrs. A. E. Broady, of Monks Road, Coventry, until she began taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

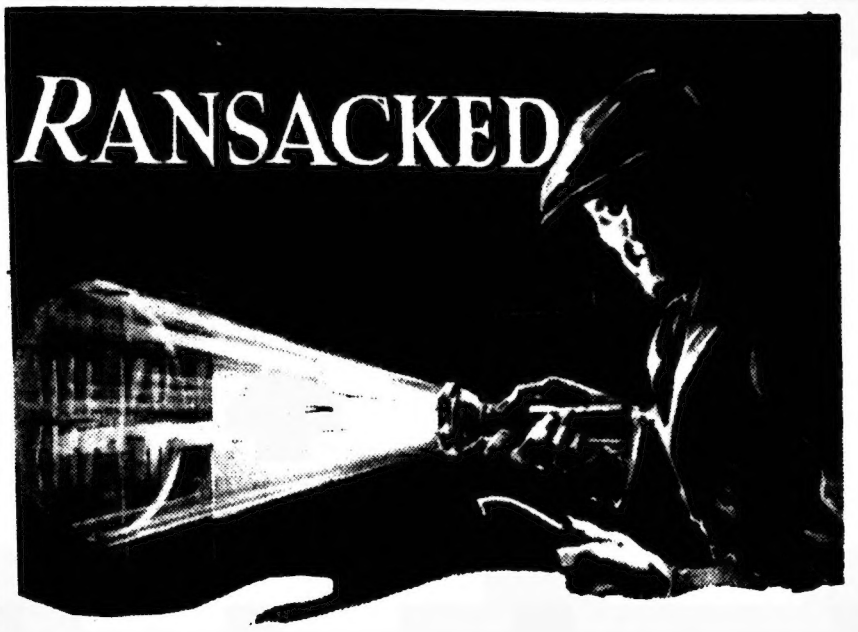
Read her own unaltered letter:

"I am writing to thank you for the happiness Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has brought to me. I was a great sufferer from stomach pains after the simplest of meals. I never dared to eat any ordinary meals without terrible indigestion pains. For years this has been the case, but thanks to your wonderful Powder I am now able to take my food without the fear of those terrible pains—my only regret is not knowing of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder before. Again thanking you for the joy you have brought to me."

You can obtain just as great relief as Mrs. Broady, but be sure you get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Do not risk an inferior substitute for the sake of a few pence. So be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the safe, sure Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Sis-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at all chemists.



Grim sequel to cinema visit.

THE big picture faded out. The crowd poured into the street. They made for home, chatting about the drama they had just seen on the screen. In the crowd were Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, of Luther's Farm, Sewardstone, Chingford, Essex. Every Saturday night it was their custom to lock up the house and visit the local cinema. But little did they know, as they watched the film on this occasion, that a real-life drama involving disastrous consequences was being enacted in their own home!

On reaching the farm at 10.30 p.m. they found the back door barred against them. Hastening to the front of the house they discovered the French windows broken open, their home in confusion. Their house and been burgled! Jewellery, clothing, silver, cutlery and precious possessions had vanished. Even the bed linen, blankets and eiderdowns had been stripped from the beds.

But for JOHN BULL's timely intervention, the tragedy might have been a great deal worse. Our reader, having had the foresight to register for JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift, received a generous cheque.

"My husband and I are most grateful," the wife writes. "Had we not been regular readers of JOHN BULL we should have been obliged to bear the entire loss."

Could *you* look to "John Bull" for a cheque if burglars robbed you of your precious possessions—if Fire, Storm or Flood created havoc—if sickness laid you low? "John Bull" is the *only* paper to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness—the *only* paper to add a 10 per cent. Bonus to benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

Don't trust entirely to bolts and bars—obtain *extra* security by signing the forms below.

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood, and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 6/4/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 6/4/35

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

VALUE 3D

DIAMOND 6D & 1/- A WEEK CLUBS

You can start a Club with any number of members from 5 to 40.

YOU CAN EASILY EARN £2

By running a Diamond Club amongst your friends . . . . . No previous experience necessary.

We allow you 5/- also for Postage.

THE QUICKEST SERVICE—NO WAITING—GOODS ARE DESPATCHED SAME DAY.

Every page in our beautifully illustrated Catalogue is full of Big Bargains. The example here illustrated is typical.

This soundly constructed Reclining Chair is adjustable to 3 positions. It is fitted with 2 loose Velveteen Corduroy Cushions. Finished a rich Jacobean Oak shade. Height 27½ ins., width 22½ ins., depth 26½ ins.

Send P.O. for 10/- and test Diamond values for yourself.

START YOUR CLUB TO-DAY
By Posting Coupon.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SPECIAL BARGAIN

FREE Beautifully illustrated Catalogue, showing Hundreds of Big Bargains.

DON'T DELAY, POST COUPON TO-DAY.

To DIAMOND SUPPLY Co. Ltd.
Diamond House, TEDDINGTON, MX.

Please send me your catalogue, Club Outfit and full particulars of how I can form one of your Diamond Clubs.

NAME, M. .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
(Block Letters.)

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 6/4/35 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

GIANT 'BULLETS' SILVER JUBILEE CONTEST

1ST PRIZE WAITING FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

COMPLETELY FURNISHED, FULLY EQUIPPED, ALL-ELECTRIC

IDEAL HOME plus £3000

WITH LAID-OUT GARDEN, GARAGE AND CAR

OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £4,000

Your Jubilee House which "John Bull" will build on any suitable site which you may select, will be the IDEAL HOME NOW ERECTED AT STAND 5, NAT. HALL, OLYMPIA EXHIBITION BY MESSRS. G. T. CROUCH, LTD., THE FAMOUS LONDON BUILDERS, or any alternative design you may choose from their various Estate Show Houses. Cost of necessary land, all legal expenses, laid-out garden, garage, complete furniture, curtains and many other extras, all-electric equipment, including stove, radiators, radio, refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, washing machine, etc., etc., etc., comprising every item of expenditure up to £1,500 cash, will be met by "John Bull" to make this a Jubilee House indeed

Your £199 Jubilee Car will be the magnificent new Singer 4-5 seater Saloon, in colours to your choice, licensed and insured for 1 year; complete with sliding roof, safety glass, leather upholstery and the new Independent Suspension for perfect safety and comfort.

HERE is the final announcement of JOHN BULL'S Giant Jubilee Offer, bringing you one last opportunity to make 1935 the greatest year in your life. Here is one of the finest *Bullets* prize-lists which has ever been seen, dwarfing all others in competitions to-day—but it will not appear in these pages again.

For two, three or four well-chosen words, neatly added to any of the *Examples* as instructed, your colossal three-in-one reward may be a fully furnished Ideal Home with garden, a luxurious Motor-car and a staggering fortune of £3,000 cash.

Think of life as it would be for you and yours if on Friday, April 26, the Competition Editor's First Prize telegram should be delivered at *your* door. Think of the lasting comfort and independence this sensational First Prize would provide—*and realise now that there is no reason why the best "Bullet" should not come from your pen.*

No *Bullets* offer of the past has ever combined such enormous attractions as this one finally before you on these pages. In addition to the Giant Three-in-One First, with its lump sum alternative of £4,000 cash, there are big cheques galore, Silver Jubilee Medals from the Mint with every cash prize, and a Jubilee Surprise Gift for every competitor who carefully follows the directions given.

A few days and this sensational array of prizes, one of the finest in *Bullets* history, will no longer be within your reach. Remember—if you want to be amongst the 13,215 prize-winners, your entry *must* be in by Saturday, April 13.

THE WAY TO WIN

AS you settle down to make up your Jubilee *Bullets*, remember that any of the big First Prize efforts of the past might well have occurred to you.

It is up to you also to present *your* ideas in neat and telling *Bullets*, but you are unlikely to make such efforts unless you tackle the job with care and common-sense.

First read carefully through the *Examples*, marking those which specially appeal to you—and one or two which do not. Write them all down on your working sheet in readiness for a concentrated attack.

Next, considering each one thoroughly, jot down against each all the rough ideas which it brings to your mind.

Finally, taking each rough jotting in turn, seek to compress and polish it into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up clearly with the *Example* you have chosen and form an apt and original *Bullet*.

Let us suppose, for instance, you are concentrating upon the *Example* HATS OFF. Your first rough thought might be the somewhat obvious comment, *If Government Starts Working.*

From this beginning you could soon arrive at the finished *Bullet*, HATS OFF—WHEN GOVERNMENT "REMOVES COAT."

Before starting on your own efforts, study the good points of the winning *Bullets* in this week's prize-list below.

Having noted the simple but well-chosen words of these successful efforts, you are ready to tackle the *Examples* and make up efforts as prize-worthy for yourself.

Make up your mind to spend an hour on *Bullets* this evening, for unless your entry is in by Saturday, April 13, you may be presenting to some other competitor a beautiful Ideal Home, a Car, and £3,000 cash.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

MIGHTY EMPIRE
GOOD HOME
HIS MEN
HINT TO GENEVA
IF WE STICK TO OUR GUNS
FATHER NEPTUNE
PIONEERS
ARMAMENTS MOUNTAIN
ROAD TO FAME
OUR CHICKS
UPROAR IN THE NURSERY
GENTLY
WHAT'S AHEAD
GRANNY KNOWS
THE CUCKOO
IN CLOVER
ONE MORE
"CONGRATULATIONS."
SOON WE SHALL SEE
THANKS TO MARCONI
ONE FAMILY
HATS OFF
DOWN THE MINE
MACHINERY
HARD TO MAKE
THE PROFITEER
HE'S A SLACKER, SO
MOTHER AND BABY
LOVE OF MONEY
OUTRAGEOUS
BUILDING CASTLES
FATHER GROANED AND
AT RECORD SPEED
WOMAN'S WISDOM
TRADE BOOM
WAITING FOR A JOB
SILVER LINING
CHEERING
MAKES THE BULLDOG GROWL
SONNY'S PAL
QUEEN OF THE MAY
IF I WERE RAMSAY
LITTLE TINKER
LEADING
WE MAY BE POOR, BUT
BEATING THE AIR
MYSTERY MAN
EVERY SUNDAY

HURRY WITH YOUR ENTRY—Closing SAT., April 13

PRIZES VALUE OVER £2,000 AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE £500.—COMPETITION No. 975.

A. R. PARTINGTON, 14, Valley View, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Example: WITH MIGHT AND MAIN
Bullet: FIGHT THAT "MIGHTIER" MANIA!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

E. BERGEN, 44, West Street, Dunstable, Beds.
Example: Once A Week
Bullet: Give Us "Everyday" Sermon!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

A. R. MORRIS, 25, Railway Terrace, Mooretown, Skewen.
Example: Welcomed Back
Bullet: *Campbell*, After "Doing Stretch."

OTHER PRIZES

£15: J. W. SAWYER, 37, May Street, London, W.
At The Inquest—Diary—"Adjust Brakes Tomorrow."

£10: P. C. WINDO, 3, Roman Road, Steyning, Sussex.
At The Inquest—Several Offered *Widow* Work.

10 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

Mrs. F. AINGE, West Haddon, Rugby.
Silent Workshop—The "Showroom" Of Depression.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. ALLAN, 34, Main Street, Wishaw, N.B.
In Life's School—And "Death's Playground," Humanity.

A. BOOTH, 31, Honoria Street, Huddersfield.
Laughed At — Mountains — Success The "Echo."

Mrs. BRAITHWAITE, 11, Venture Street, Bacup.
"Hands Up!"—Sonny Teaching Baby "Civilisation"!

C. CLARKE, Bay Tree Farm, Frankby, Wirral, Ches
On Her—Toes—On Man's Heels.

J. H. COOLEY, 1, Whitfield Avenue, Broadstairs.
In Life's School—Good "Second," Greatest "Prize."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. M. FORSYTH, 26, Grassiot, Maryport.
Hard To Drive—From Perch, The "Bluebird."

Mrs. M. GRAY, 29, The Ropewalk, Neath.
Funny Man—Politician "Two-faced"—Or Freak.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. E. HOPKINS, "Meillion," Aberdare Road, Mountain Ash.
Hard To Drive—Bombers Back—"Soar... Statesmen!

C. PAYNE, 109, Millers Lane, New Cat... Norwich.
Prison Walls—Reason No "Governor" Si...

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

G. HOTCHKIN, 15, Woodsley Avenue, Cleethorpes.
Young And Old—"Sure Thing!"—"Sure? Think!"

H. LEONARD, Court Stile, Cranbrook, Kent.
Glaring—Smith—My Peas "Peeping."

S. M. MABBERLEY, "Atlantic," Greyhound Lane, Norton, Stourbridge.
Golden Words—Golden Deeds—Golden Gates.

R. MILLER, 113, Crayford Way, Crayford, Kent.
Won't Fit—Hubby's Hat—Nor Explanation.

Mrs. H. MUNDAY, 2, Romney Villa, Ash Vale, Surrey.
What The Fisherman Said — "Pin Straightened Out, Daddy!"
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

H. W. REYNOLDS, 81, Whitehill Lane, Gravesend.
"Hands Up!"—She Shrieked, Brandishing *Henpeck*.

J. STEWART, 450, Longmoor Lane, Liverpool.
Our Team—Mustn't Hear Shell's "Whistle."

G. SUGDEN, 66, Cavendish Road, Liverpool.
"Hands Up!"—Ignored—Auntie's Umbrella Descended!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

W. WALTON, Burrell Street, Kelloe, Coxhoe.
Glaring—Every "Clock"—I'm Late.

H. YATES, 5, Ralph Street, Bolton.
In Life's School—"Learning Lessons" By ...Heartache.

...f the above winners will also receive an ... Radiogram, as will 25 of £1. A list of ...ether with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be ...the offices of "John Bull."

...INNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be ... for what in the opinion of the judges ... with the Editor, is the best Bullet ... other prizes in order of m... cleverness, aptness and ori... undertakes that every Bullet ... careful consideration by a ... qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may ... coupon and a postal order ... the rate of 6d for each ... This must be made payable ... crossed /& Co./. Entrant's ... date of posting must be ... Postal Order, the number of ... noted on each coupon submitted ... not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision ... dispute arising in connection ... tion must be accepted as final ... ing in all respects and accepted ... is an express condition of entry ... Odhams Press Ltd. and their ... eligible.

The original cheque for £600 received by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 974 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. W. Knights, 9, High Street, Leiston, Suffolk.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

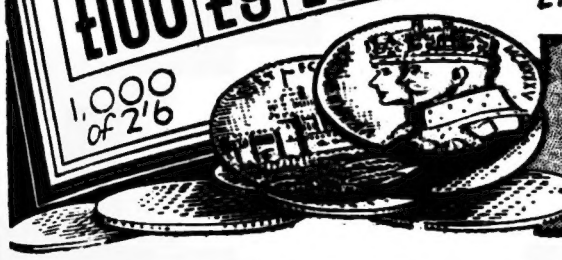
WITH UNLIMITED SURPRISE GIFTS

13,214 OTHER PRIZES

£200	£90	£80	£70	£60	£50	£40	£30	£20	£19
£100	£18	£17	£16	£15	£14	£13	£12	£11	£10
	£9	£8	£7	£6	5 or £5	10 or £4	25 or £3	50 or £2	100 or £1

2,000 Red Seal "Targets"
10,000 "Target" Prizes

1,000 of 2/6



Every CASH PRIZE-WINNER ALSO RECEIVES . . .
SILVER JUBILEE MEDAL
Struck by Royal Mint

All Jubilee Prizes and Surprise Gifts Despatched Wed. May 1

Unique "Bullets" Silver Jubilee Presentation

To all entrants for "Bullets" Great Jubilee Contest who submit 4 or more Sixpenny (or prize) coupons, with Voucher Label below as directed, "John Bull" will present a specially prepared handsome, useful and appropriate . .

Surprise Gift

Value over Two Shillings

How to secure your Jubilee Surprise Gift by post on Thursday, May 2

In order to secure "John Bull's" Handsome Jubilee Gift, never distributed before in connection with "Bullets," you must enter four or more sixpenny (or prize) coupons in same name and address for "Bullets" Competition No. 978, actually enclosing in same envelope the Jubilee Gift Voucher Label on this page, bearing stamps value 4½d. firmly affixed as directed. No Gift allowed unless all instructions are carefully followed. (Irish Free State readers to attach 1½d. stamp only to Voucher Label, since only non-dutiable Gift can be despatched).

JUBILEE FREE GIFT
VOUCHER LABEL BELOW . . .

AFFIX THREE 1½D STAMPS FIRMLY TO SPACES BELOW AND ENCLOSE LABEL WITH 4 OR MORE COUPONS AS DIRECTED . . .

IMMEDIATE

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

You Must Affix 1½D Stamp here

You Must Affix 1½D Stamp here

You Must Affix 1½D Stamp here

LETTER POST WITH GREAT CARE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, cut it out before completing your "Bullets" coupons, remembering that efforts can be entered on plain paper if desired.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 978, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Read What Users of Elasto say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which *dissolve instantly* on the tongue; it is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food Remedy

Elasto

REGISTERED

For the Veins, Arteries and Heart

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins cease to be troublesome and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. You will be amazed at the marvellous effectiveness of this pleasant, easy remedy; no fuss; no trouble; just glorious relief. And, remember, Elasto is not expensive. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE—

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the Great New Blood Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these today—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. The tiny tablets dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR ELASTO!
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto
The Great Blood Revitaliser

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

★

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters.*)

ADDRESS.....

"John Bull," 6/4/35 .....

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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